READ "WOMAN THE MYSTERY," NEW SERIAL STORY.

118 INSURANCE CLAIMS PAID.

PEARSON'S WEEKLY.

TO INTEREST, TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE.

P.W. COUPON Aug. 19, 1893.

No. 161.] TRANSMISSION AT BOOK RATES. WEEK ENDING AUGUST 19, 1893. ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

SCARLET FEVER PRECAUTIONS.

INFECTION OF THE MOST DANGEROUS & VIRULENT CHARACTER CAN BE INSTANTLY DESTROYED WITH "IZAL," THE NEW NON-POISONOUS DISINFECTANT.

"IZAL" stops Cholera, Small-pox, Diphtheria, Influenza, Scarlet, Typhus, and Typhoid Fevers, and is a sanitary necessity and protector for the sick-room, nursery, household, hospital, and in public. Its Disinfecting properties are enormous, and as a destroyer of disease germs it possesses antiseptic power greater than pure Carbolic Acid. No offensive smell can exist near it. It can be used for all disinfecting purposes the same as with the old-fashioned Disinfectants —Being *non-poisonous* it is safe under all conditions —Being *non-caustic* it will not benumb the hands or irritate the skin, and is invaluable for washing wounds and in surgical dressings—Being *non-corrosive* it will neither stain nor injure linen, bedding, clothing, carpets, hangings, furniture, metals, or surgical instruments.

Fac-simile of the Shilling Bottle.

CAN BE USED WITH GREAT ECONOMY.

The Gallon Tin will make 200 gallons of Powerful Germ-Destroying Reliable Disinfectant, at a cost of Less than a Penny per Gallon.

Sold by Chemists and others in large bottles, 1/-, 2/6, and 4/6, or sample bottle or tin sent, Carriage Free, in the United Kingdom for postal order. SOLE MANUFACTURERS, NEWTON, CHAMBERS & CO., LTD., THORNCLIFFE, SHEFFIELD. London Offices: 19, GREAT GEORGE STREET, S.W., and THORNCLIFFE HOUSE, 331, GRAY'S INN ROAD, W.C.

The Izal Pamphlet, containing simple Rules for the protection of Life & Health, sent post free.

...and a FULL DRESS LENGTH OF BEAUTIFUL CLOTH, for good, strong, serviceable wear, in any of the following colours, CARRIAGE PAID TO ANY ADDRESS for ... Colours:—Black, Blue, Fawn, Salmon, Reseda, Sage, Old Rose, Crushed Strawberry, Brown, Grey, Claret, Sax, Terra-Cotta, Amber, Peacock, Tabac, Snuff, Stone, Mouse, ..., Crimson, Electric, Bronze, Myrtle, Drab, Olive, Grenat, Green, Navy, Heather, the Newest Colours for the present season. These wonderful Dress Lengths have world-wide reputation for magnificence, cheapness, and durability, having no equal. ... *Illustrated Dressmaker* says: "These excellent Dress Cloths will give every satisfaction." *Lady's Pictorial* says: "These Half-Guinea Dress Lengths are strong and durable, and stand any amount of rough wear." *The Queen* says: "Mr. Lutas Leathley's 10/6 ... are extraordinarily cheap." "THE COUNTESS OF WINCHELSEA begs to say she is pleased with the Cloth Dress Length sent her by Mr. Lutas Leathley, which has given satisfaction."

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...well-preserved person should have ... at any age. They can be quickly ... by HARVEY'S FACE LOTION. This ... preparation, tones up the muscles of ... completely eradicates that puffiness ... elderly appearance round the eyes, and imparts firmness to the flesh, giving that ... colour to the face so much admired. It is absolutely harmless to the most ... skin, and is delightfully fragrant, ... and invigorating. Price 2s. 9d. ... post free, privately packed.

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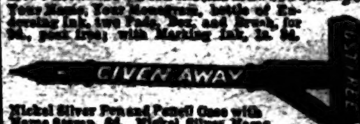

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or neck chain. The same is a marvel of workmanship, fifty inches in length, with spring swivel complete, and consisting of over four hundred separate links. When worn, the brilliant effect produced is not surpassed by real gold chains which cost £10 and upwards. My object in giving away this guard at such an enormous outlay of capital, is because with each I shall include one of my splendidly illustrated catalogues, consisting of 136 pages of illustrations of my manufactures, which include watches from 7s. 6d. and magnificent chains from 2s. I have abolished all intermediate profits charged by the retailers. Send for catalogue within ten days.

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Dr. Rooke's Dictionary of Domestic Medicine. A valuable work, treating of some of the most prevalent diseases of human life, and showing their rational mode of treatment. Every household should possess a copy. Gratis, of all Patent Medicine Dealers, or sent post free on receipt of penny stamp, by

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MASON'S EXTRACT OF HERBS

A 6d. BOTTLE OF

Mason's Extract of Herbs

With the addition of Sugar and Water,

WILL MAKE YOU

EIGHT GALLONS OF BEER.

NON-INTOXICATING BEER

Sample bottle enough to make 8 gallons, post free for 9 stamps.

NEWBALL & MASON, Nottingham.

Or a bottle of both Extract of Herbs and Wine Essence for making Temperance Wine, post free 15 stamps.

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Machines for Touring. Pneumatic Cushion, Solid Tyres.

Rigid, Swift, & Light. 4 Patterns. £7 to £40. Any Juno 12 Monthly Payments. Machines exchanged. ... new second-hand machines in the world. Repairs, Sundries, Riding taught.

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Indigestion, Flatulency, Lassitude, and Want of Tone

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Mild but Effectual. Safest Family Medicine. Contains No Mercury. A Never-failing Remedy. Are Unequalled.

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PEARSON'S WEEKLY.

TO INTEREST. TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE.

No. 161.] TRANSMISSION AT BOOK RATES. WEEK ENDING AUGUST 19, 1893. ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

THE KNIGHT AND HIS LADY.

In the brave old days of the Table Round
There lived a knight of illustrious fame,
Who cherished a passion most profound,
A truly romantic, chivalric flame,
For a proud and beautiful lady.

And she accepted it all as her due,
The knightly devotion so tender, so tried;
But when for her love he ventured to sue,
"Who seeketh to woo me, must win me!" replied
This most discouraging lady.

"Sir Knight, you must wander a year and a day;
You must seek for adventures beyond the seas;
You must enter a castle enchanted, and slay
Three dragons. And, having disposed of these,
You may then come back for your lady!"

So the good knight went, as in duty bound,
He wandered many a weary mile;
Adventures enough and to spare he found,
And he met and braved them all in a style
That would quite have delighted the lady.

Castle and dragon, he found them too,
And settled their fate with small delay;
In short, he carried the programme through
To the last end of the year and a day;
But he never came back for the lady!

Fair maiden, whose lover, brave and true,
Goes forth, at your word, to seek a name,
Or honours, or riches, or rank for you,
Take care! for perhaps he may do the same,
And gain the place, and the wealth, and the fame,
But come not back for the lady!

SOOT AS A DISINFECTANT.

In view of the possible event of cholera many cheap and simple disinfectants have been proposed for the use of the people. Of these one of the most effective is common soot.

Soot is composed of pure carbon, and is formed by the hot vapour of the hydro-carbon coming from burning fuel striking the cold walls of the chimney or stove-pipe, and condensing thereon. It is a very light, porous, and impalpable powder, and, like charcoal, which is the same element in a different form, possesses the property of absorbing and retaining a wonderfully large amount of gas.

The great danger about disease in sewers, drains, and other places is almost entirely due to gas given off by decomposing matter. If soot be sprinkled about these places it will absorb the foul gas and leave the air quite free from infection.

HIS HEAD WAS IN IT.

It was during the siege of Sebastopol. An officer was passing by a part of the defences that had evidently suffered from the enemy's shot and shell, when he caught sight of a soldier of his own regiment who was groping about among the heaps of *débris*.

"Why, Tim," said he, after watching the man's erratic movements for a few moments in silence, "have you lost anything?"

"Well, sir," replied the man, saluting stiffly as he spoke, "it's like this: Me and my mate, Jack Miles, had just gone into the trenches last night when the Russians let drive and knocked Jack's cap clean off with a round shot."

"Ah! and you are looking for it, I suppose," replied the officer as he turned away.

"Yes, sir."

The officer had not gone many yards, however, before a sudden thought struck him.

"Tim," he called aloud to the soldier, "why on earth doesn't Jack look for himself?"

"'Cause his head's in it," came the totally unexpected reply.

BATTING FOR SIX WEEKS.

It is related of Barlow, the Lancashire professional, that before he commenced his career as a cricketer he held a situation as porter at a small railway station in Lancashire, where only three or four trains stopped each day. Consequently, Barlow had plenty of time to spare, and this he used to spend playing cricket near the station with the station master, ticket collector, and booking clerk. It happened one day that a gentleman, who was waiting for a train, was chatting with the station master, and chanced to ask him how he employed his spare time.

"Well, sir," said the master, "we go and play cricket in the field you see down there, and generally have very good games. But our porter, sir, he's a very good player, and he's been batting now for the last six weeks, and try as we will we can't get him out."

The gentleman was a cricketer, and the result was that Barlow was tried in a colt's match, and finally obtained a place in the county eleven.

A LOUD-VOICED TOAD.

It is a matter of common observation that the loudest sounds are not always made by the largest animals. The roar of the lion exceeds in sonorousness the cry of the elephant. Anyone who had only heard, without seeing, a bullfrog might well suppose that its fearful voice, breaking the silence of the night, must certainly come from the throat of an animal of formidable dimensions.

But perhaps the most remarkable case of vocal power in an animal is that related by a recent traveller in the highlands of Borneo. He was informed by natives that they had heard a tiger roaring in the neighbourhood. Such news is always startling to a stranger in the jungles of the East, and hardly less so to the natives.

An investigation was accordingly set on foot, which resulted in the discovery that the alarming roars had been emitted by a toad! This toad of Borneo, however, was by no means an ordinary member of the family. It measured no less than fourteen and one-half inches round the body.

TRAPPING AN AUDIENCE.

Some years ago an eccentric genius, the Rev. Thomas P. Hunt, used to give temperance lectures in America. One night he announced that he would lecture at Easton. Now, temperance was not in favour among the male portion of that burgh.

The women, however, were all for the "pledge," and consequently on Hunt's first visit not a man showed himself. The benches were pretty well filled with women, though, and Hunt commenced; but instead of temperance, he took them to task about the vanities of dress, etc. They wore great stuffed feather sleeves then. They—the sleeves—caught it, then the tight lacings, and so on through the whole catalogue of female follies; but no word about intemperance.

The ladies went home nearly mad, told their husbands about it, and voted old Hunt a regular humbug.

He announced he would lecture at the same place the next night. Long before the time appointed the people began to arrive, and when Hunt hobbled down the aisle the building was completely filled with men. The old fellow looked about, chuckled, and said in a low voice: "Hogs, I've got you now!"

The audience stared.

"Aha, hogs, I've got you now!" he repeated.

After the crowd had got quiet a little, the lecturer said:

"Friends, you wanted to know what I meant by saying, 'Hogs, I've got you now!' and I'll tell you. Out West the hogs run wild, and when folks get out of meat they catch a young pig, put a strap under his body, and hitch him to a young sapling that will just swing him from the ground nicely. Of course he squeals and raises a rumpus, when all the old hogs gather round to see what is the matter, and then they shoot them at their leisure. Last night I hung a pig up; I hurt it a little, and it squealed. The old hogs have turned out to-night to see the fun, and I'll roast you."

And so he did, pitching into their favourite vice with evident relish and gusto.

"No," said Miss Elder kindly, but firmly, "I cannot marry you, but I'll be a——"

"Thanks, Miss Elder," interrupted the rejected one spitefully, "but I have two grandmothers."

"Is there going to be any music at the church festival to-night?" asked Snooks of the pastor.

"I do not know," responded that dignitary, who had been many times snubbed by the leader; "I do not know, but the choir will sing."

He: "And did you see Monte Carlo whilst you were at Nice?"

She: "No; papa called on him, I believe, but from his disappointed appearance when he returned to the hotel I think Mr. Carlo must have been out."

Teacher (to class in arithmetic): "John goes marketing. He buys two and a quarter pounds of sugar at threepence a pound, two dozen eggs at a shilling a dozen, and one pint of milk at a shilling a gallon. What does it all make?"

Smallest Boy (hesitatingly): "Custards."

"Oh, yes," she said, as they were conversing, "I have studied your character, and I think you are above the average of men."

"I don't think much of myself," he answered.

"Why not?"

"Because I'm always thinking about you."

The feeling of superiority in the sterner sex is inborn.

"Mamma, do you think you'll go to heaven?" said Jack, looking thoughtfully into his mother's face.

"Yes, dear, if I'm good," said the little mother cautiously, wondering what was coming next.

"Then please be good, for papa and I would be so lonesome without you."

They still keep up in Canada the pleasant practice of loading logs of firewood with gunpowder. In this way a great deal of excitement can be created in dull neighbourhoods. The tedium of a long winter is effectually broken—also some ribs, and occasionally a skull; but anything is better than absolute stagnation. It is always an interesting question whether the person blown up stole the billet of wood, or whether he charged one of his own billets and forgot to toss it over into his neighbour's pile.

Patrick has great powers of enjoyment, after all, and always laughs at the right time. One day he saw a bull attack a man, and he had to hold on to his sides with both hands, the scene was so funny. After a little, the animal turned his attention in another direction, and poor Patrick, after exploring the heights, came down with a thump on the other side of the railings. He rubbed his wounds, and as he trudged along the worse for wear, he said to himself: "Faith, and I'm glad I had the laugh when I did, or I wouldn't have had it at all."

SHORT STORIES

EDITED BY A. ARTHUR PEARSON (OF PEARSON'S WEEKLY)

In this journal will be found complete stories from many lands—stories of adventure and love stories, tales of war and tales of peace, stories of town life and stories of country life, legends and true stories, mountain yarns and sea tales, stories of heroes and stories of the average man, tales of the supernatural and of the sub-human—all having this in common, that they are intensely interesting.

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Short Stories, profusely illustrated, every Tuesday, 1d.

AN AUGUST TRAGEDY.

THEY drove up the road in silence. Wilson had relapsed into his usual absent-mindedness, and Selina played with the silver handle of her parasol. Neither was out of temper, yet both were averse to conversation. Perhaps Selina half regretted what she had said. The road was a little dusty, and the sweetbriar all alongside had a thirsty, languid look. But the sun was setting and the breeze stirred bashfully among the trees.

When the silence had lasted for a good while, Wilson broke it abruptly:

"What do you mean to do, then?" he asked. "Go back to town?"

Selina hesitated.

"I don't know."

"But you must know," he said in his peremptory way, with his pleasant smile. "Don't you think," he went on, "don't you think, my dear, that you are just a little unreasonable? Consider the matter from an impartial standpoint. You have come here to spend a few days with my uncle and aunt. You like the country. You like everything until my cousin happens to come out to speak to me. Suddenly you conclude not to remain. Now, what would any ordinary person call that?"

"Jealousy," said Selina calmly. "Jealousy, I suppose. But it isn't that. I can be jealous of you in town if I wish. It isn't jealousy, it's intuition. I can't help it. It was just a look that flashed across her face—just a look." She shivered slightly. "I can't explain it, but I couldn't stay any longer. You must drive me over to Beechmont Station and let me catch the train for town."

Wilson laughed softly.

"Women are queer things," he said. "You don't consider what a box you are putting me in. What am I to say to them? I have told them that we are going to stop with them for a week or two. What excuse can I offer?"

"Can't you contrive one?" asked Selina, with a faint smile.

"Oh, yes, I can say: 'I took Miss Rogers out for a short drive and concluded not to bring her back. She went down to the Sound to swim and was drowned.' Or, 'Miss Rogers doesn't want to come here after all. She is jealous of Susan.' It will be quite easy to say all that."

"I suppose, then, I must go back with you," said Selina, growing a little paler as she spoke.

"Of course you must, dear. And have no foolish fears. Susan is a good girl, but, oh, my! isn't she plain? And you, dear, you are a beauty. However could you get such queer ideas into your precious little head?"

Selina was silent. Half an hour later they were back at the Vicarage. Miss Susan Fielding, who was not plain—beyond the fact that she had not the Dresden china delicacy of Selina Rogers—was sitting in the porch. She wore a white dress, with black velvet ribbons, and came to meet them as they drove up.

"Did you have a pleasant drive?" she inquired of Wilson.

"Ask Miss Rogers," he said good humouredly. "I always enjoy driving—especially here in the country."

Selina did not speak. She was pale and smiling faintly. She looked for a chair in the porch, and made her way to it, trembling a little in the knees. She sank down in it and closed her eyes. Miss Susan and Willie Wilson stood talking by the carriage. They talked in low voices. She could not hear what they were saying. She did not wish to hear it. She was trying to reason with herself—trying to control and compel herself with a tremendous effort. She never remembered having tried so hard to control herself in all her life.

She determined not to give way to this jealousy, not to be stupid, not to be a foolish child and pout because he talked in a low tone with his cousin, while she, his betrothed, sat there trembling and suffering with shut eyes.

After a long time he came and sat beside her and spoke to her. Then she opened her eyes and smiled at him.

"All right now?" he asked in a tone of gentle raillery. "No more jealousy?"

She looked at him for some moments in silence. No, he never could understand what she had meant. He never could have the faintest idea of what her gleam of intelligence had been—an electric message from somewhere—a sort of flashlight revealing the secret of another woman's heart.

She believed that Susan Fielding loved him. She was not positive that he cared for Susan Fielding except in a friendly way. If she had thought so her course would have been clear enough. To step aside and let them have each other. She did not believe him guilty of any meanness or interested motives—she did not believe he loved her for her money. Perhaps this money had thrown a certain glamour about her for a time, but he was not poor himself, though Susan Fielding had not a penny.

When all these thoughts had flown through her brain she spoke to her lover:

"I think the sun must have affected me. It was terribly hot driving. I must go to my room and lie down."

Susan Fielding had just come out on the porch again in time to hear Selina's desire. She seemed at ease and good-natured.

"We were so glad to think Willie would come and stay a little while with us."

"You don't see him very often, do you?" said Selina gently.

"No, not for cousins. I was four years old when I first saw him. He used to call me his little sweetheart then, and I used to sit upon his knee, and now he is such a kind, good fellow."

"Yes," said Selina, "very kind and good."

Then Susan Fielding went downstairs and there was silence in the room. Selina threw herself on the bed and buried her face in the pillow.

She did not go down to dinner, but begged for a cup of tea to be sent up to her. And, as dusk came on, she still lay with her face in the pillow.

It was a rambling old house, with balconies on each storey—and vines and rose-bushes everywhere—an ideal place for lovers. Yet she did not wish to see Wilson again that evening, nor did he send asking if she would come down. She felt worn out. Her very nerves ached, but sleep would not come.

It was cool and quiet. The only subdued noise was the water of the Sound nearly a mile away, washing softly on the pebbles. The only sound. It might have been midnight when she heard voices. And one was the voice of her lover.

She stepped through the window on to the upper balcony; the night was cloudy, no one could see her in the shadow of the deep green trees. And then, listening, she heard her own name—spoken by Susan Fielding.

She listened intently; there was no dishonour in her intention. Now she should know the truth, and know what to do. She knew it was right to listen now.

"Sometimes," said Wilson, slowly, "sometimes we cannot help ourselves, Susan. We would like to do one thing, and we drift through circumstances into a directly opposite direction. Men love one woman and marry another. They have to make the best of it."

He sighed.

"Life isn't perfect by any means."

Then Susan's voice, thick with reproachful tears, slightly tremulous, yet with an effort at defiance:

"It was her money, I suppose. Money always attracts men."

"Some men. The people I have loved most in my life have not had a penny," he answered. "Susie, don't make life harder for me. It is hard enough to see your tears and feel that——"

He broke off suddenly. He must have heard the sob of anguish—the dry sob with which the heart of Selina Rogers broke in that instant in the balcony above.

"What's the matter?" whispered Susan Fielding, clinging to him.

"Hush! Nothing. Go into the house quickly."

He remained out a little longer—walked away from the house, and gazed up at where he supposed Selina's window to be. But all was dark and silent. By-and-bye he, too, went in and to bed and slept heavily. The hours crept on. It was not yet dawn. Selina Rogers had lighted a candle and sat writing. When she had finished the note was brief. It was addressed to William Wilson.

"My dear Friend," it ran, "I am feeling very ill, and think that the sun has given me a slight stroke. I shall rise early—very early—and walk down to the Sound, hoping the salt air will do me good. If anything should happen to me, I must tell you that I long since made a will in your favour, having no near relatives, or truer friend than yourself."

Then the candle went out, and Selina Rogers crept quietly from the house and down the silent road—toward the water.

She was serene at heart and calm. She had been thinking hard for an hour or more, and knew there was no other course. He did not love her. She could not marry him now, and she would not stand in his way. She would step aside quietly and calmly, and leave him so.

It was not Susan Fielding, but a servant, who went up and found the letter in the mirror-frame. It was nine o'clock, and she had not returned.

Wilson, when he had read the note, stood like a stone image. Then he saw the stableman coming round from the stable.

"Put a saddle on my horse!" he cried huskily. "Quick, for goodness sake!" In five minutes he was galloping down the road in the blazing August sun.

Half way to the beach he met some men bringing up her body on a stretcher. He got off his horse and fell fainting on the road.

* * * *

He did not marry Susan Fielding or any other woman, but died himself a year or two later. Susan had married another six months after Selina's death.

Death is a great righter of wrongs.

3d, SEARCH LIGHT 3d.
(PEARSON'S MONTHLY).

1d. SOCIETY NEWS, 1d.

A LUCKY PURCHASE.

LONG before Sydney was the town which it now is, an old sea captain, whose ship had come into port for repairs, was walking down the main street, when he came upon an auctioneer who was selling land.

He stopped, and in a few minutes had bought a building site for the enormous sum of two pounds ten shillings. Soon after, he left Sydney and was absent for about thirteen years. On his return visit he bethought himself of the land he had bought, and began to look about for it.

For a long time he was unsuccessful, but at last found that the post-office had been erected upon it. He immediately went to the authorities and asked them "if they would be good enough to remove their post-office from his land."

In reply they said they could scarcely do this, but they would do something better for him—they would give him ten thousand pounds. The captain willingly accepted these terms, built himself a house, and lived for the rest of his life in the town where he had made so much profit.

IN TROUBLE.

"THERE are funny incidents in the life of a photographer," said a well-known artist. "A man came in the other day and looked over all the samples, asking the price of each.

"'Do you want a sitting?' I asked.

"'I don' see nothin' like what I want,' he replied.

"I told him if he would indicate what he wanted that I might arrange it.

"'I don't know as you kin,' he said, 'for I don't see nothin' at all like what I want.'

"I repeated what I had already said. He asked me to sit while he told me.

"'You see, it's like this,' he began. 'I had a girl that I loved, and we was going to git married. She had her things made up, and we was all but ready, when she was taken ill and died. And what I wanted was a picture of me settin' on her grave weepin'.'

"I was touched at the homely story of grief, and told him I could send a man with him to the grave, and have the picture taken as he desired.

"'It's some distance,' he said. 'It's over in Ireland. I expect it 'ud cost a lot to send over your traps for what I want.'

"I said it would.

"'I thought,' he answered, 'that mebbe you could rig up a grave here, in your shop, and I would weep on it, and it would do just as well. It's no trouble for me to weep anywhere.'"

LITTLE TOMMY: "Mamma, may I go over and play with Mrs. Nextdoor's children?"

Mother: "You have never cared to play with them."

Little Tommy: "But my ball went over into their yard, and they threw it back to me, and it was all sticky. I think they've got some sweets."

"YOU threw me a kiss last night," said he,
With a smile to the maiden fair;
"But the night was dark—it eluded me;
Pray have you another to spare?"

"I may have one," said the blushing miss;
And he answered approaching near,
"I won't run the risk of losing this—
To make sure, I'll take it here."
And he did.

IN a certain town the clergy of the various religious sects were very tolerant towards each other. On the occasion of the Jewish Rabbi's silver wedding he invited the Protestant clergyman and also the Catholic priest. While the reverend gentlemen were enjoying the good cheer set before them the Catholic priest said to the Rabbi:

"I know that you are a very liberal-minded man; but could you bring yourself to eat pork?"

"Certainly, I could relish some ham—at least, on one occasion."

"And that would be?"

"At the marriage dinner of your reverence."

ADDED WORD COMPETITION.

No. 21.

SOVEREIGNS, PENCIL-CASES, POCKET-KNIVES.

IN this Competition each letter of the alphabet has a distinct numerical value. Thus: "a" equals 1, "b" equals 2, "c" equals 3, and so on—"y" equals 25, and "z" equals 26.

Every word in the English language will, then, have a numerical value. For instance, "again" will be represented by 32. For, a equals 1; g, 7; a, 1; i, 9; n, 14.—Total 32.

We offer Five Sovereigns, Twenty-five Pencil-cases, and Twenty-five Pocket-knives to correct competitors. The Sovereigns will be given to the one, two, three, four, and five hundredth. The Pencil-cases to the first and every twenty-fifth. The Pocket-knives to the third and every twenty-seventh. In these cases the prizes stop when twenty-five have been awarded. The prizes are offered this week to those who find the word with the greatest numerical value in the current instalment—pages 73 and 74—of the serial story, WOMAN, THE MYSTERY. Name page, column, and line in which the word appears. Don't count compound words. Post-cards only, please, to Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

Why are you not one of the five lucky folk who, because they read "Short Stories," get a fully-paid up Accident Insurance Policy good for a year and conferring £100 at death and £1 a week during disablement from any accident?

GOING HEAVENWARDS.

WHEN Bishop Julius the other day went up to lay the last stone of the spire of Christchurch Cathedral, New Zealand, he was accompanied aloft by a workman in a bucket. Three-fourths of the way up the hoisting machinery stopped.

The Bishop said he was not afraid, but all the same betrayed considerable anxiety, and had just begun a fervent prayer when the rope started again.

The stone was placed and they returned to earth, where the stoppage was explained. An amateur photographer, anxious to "snap a picture of a Bishop going heavenwards," had arranged with the man at the gear to stop hoisting.

THE OLDEST TIMBER.

PROBABLY the oldest timber in the world which has been subjected to the use of man is found in the ancient temple of Egypt, in connection with stonework, which is known to be at least four thousand years old.

This was the only wood used in the construction of the temple, and is in the form of ties, holding the end of one stone to another. When two blocks were laid in place, an excavation about an inch deep was made in each block, in which one of these wooden ties, shaped like an hour-glass, was driven.

It is, therefore, very difficult to force a stone from its position. These ancient ties are made of tamarisk or Shittim wood, the same as that from which the ark was constructed.

WHAT IT COST.

TWO clergymen were very firm friends, yet as different in character as possible. The one was prim and precise, especially careful of his linen, quiet in speech and manner; the other, careless as to dress, and a regular John Bull in ways and words. The latter had formed the habit of taking snuff, much to the disgust of his friend, who abhorred all such practices.

One day, at a minister's meeting, Mr. B. pulled out his snuff-box, tapped it in the orthodox fashion, and took a hearty pinch. Mr. A., thinking to rebuke him, said, in his mildest tones:

"Mr. B., how much, do you think, it costs you a year for snuff?"

"Don't know," was the reply; "perhaps about as much as it does for your starch."

A QUESTION OF EATING.

SOME small men consume more than large ones. The result must depend upon a great variety of circumstances. It may be said generally that there is no reason for asserting that a big man consumes or requires more food than a small one.

It is, of course, evident that any person in good health and in a healthy climate, doing a large amount of physical and mental work, requires more sustenance than one who, for the most part, passes a sedentary and inactive existence.

The proportion of vital force which goes towards carrying on the work of the body is so much larger than that which is used merely in building up its frame, that there is no comparison between the two. A small steam-engine working at a small pressure, and running a lot of machinery all day, may be doing double the work, and therefore consuming twice as much fuel, as a big one at half the pressure, and working slowly.

So it will be seen that the amount of food required should really depend chiefly upon the amount of work done; but habit has so much to do with this matter, that it is impossible to formulate any precise rules.

THE WRONG MAN.

THE prize of One Guinea for the most curious case of mistaken identity has been awarded to Mr. S. Barritt, No. 2, Eden Cottages, Harrowgate Hill, Darlington. Here is his story:

"During the run of 'The Prodigal Daughter' at Drury Lane Theatre last autumn, Sir Augustus Harris allowed about two hundred young fellows to go on the stage every evening to add to the reality of the race-course scene when the Grand National was run.

"I was persuaded by a friend to go on the stage to see the fun. So we took our places there amongst the crowd close by the water-jump, where the 'welsher' was every evening ducked.

"The moment came for the 'welsher' to make a rush off the course, and, owing to an unfortunate resemblance, I was taken for him. To my surprise I was suddenly caught up by the mob, and, in spite of my struggles, deposited in the middle of the water-jump, and rolled over and over until I was completely soaked. I do not know whether the audience supposed my ducking to be in the drama, but they certainly enjoyed it much more than I did."

PUSHING TRADE.

IT is not alone in England that barbers show extraordinary persistence and ingenuity in pressing their wares upon customers. An Englishman, who has been travelling in France, relates that in Paris the barber who was shaving him stepped two or three times upon the side of his foot. At last the customer called out:

"Please don't do that any more! I have a corn."

"Exactly what I was trying to find out, monsieur," said the barber, blandly. "We have an excellent preparation for removing corns, for sale at one franc per bottle!"

STRANGE GODS.

THE post-office in India is regarded as so miraculous an agency by the more ignorant natives that in some out-of-the-way places the very letter-boxes are worshipped.

A man will post his letter in a box, and then shout out its destination to the presiding spirit, whom he supposes to be inside; while others will humbly take off their sandals while approaching the receptacle, go through the various ceremonies of piety before and after posting the letter, and finally place a small gift before the box as a propitiatory offering, retiring in the same attitude of humility.

HE NEVER MEDDLED.

"I HAVE made it a rule through life," he said at the lunch-table the other day to the man at his left, "never to meddle with another man's business."

"That's right—perfectly right," was the reply.

"But I see you have a new confidential clerk."

"Yes, sir—yes."

"He's a bad case. I've seen him tipsy a dozen times, and I wouldn't trust him out of my sight with a threepenny bit. Took him out of charity, eh?"

"Well, not altogether, you know. He happens to be my eldest son."

Then there was a period of silence so painful that both wished someone would yell "Fire!" to break it.

'TWAS QUEER.

IT was an Irish wake. A poor fellow who had worked on the railway many years and suffered the loss of an eye and a finger, and perhaps a toe, had died. Paddy was a popular fellow, though, and his friends turned out in great numbers.

"Shure, an' it was a great pity that Pat should die so harrud—him as had always been a friend to iverybody, and was always aisy like to his childer," moaned the bereaved widow.

"An' did he die hard?" inquired one of the sympathetic friends.

"Faith an' he shtrained himself, he did."

"Shure, an' that's queer. He had only wan eye to close."

AUTOGRAPHS THAT SELL HIGH.

THE signature of Christopher Columbus can always find a buyer at £160, the one letter existing in Titian's handwriting fetched £120, and an epistle of Raphael's to some fair dame £60.

Molière never seems to have written a letter; his signature alone is worth £60.

The one letter written by Corneille which was ever in the trade was sold to Mr. Alfred Morrison, the great English collector, for the sum of £160.

The value of any particular letter varies exceedingly. Thus Napoleon I.'s last letter to the Empress Marie Louise was sold for £160, yet one of his ordinary letters can be bought for £20.

Royal autographs always command a certain price. Henry IV. and Louis XIV. signatures are worth £40.

TYRANT AND DOCTOR.

A HOT-HEADED, warm-hearted physician was Doctor Dougal, who practised in Scotland in the last part of the eighteenth century.

One day a man, in an agony of pain, came to him, and asked to have his tooth drawn.

"Man, you're not needing a tooth drawn," said the doctor. "Gae awa' hame and pit a poultice to it."

An argument ensued, during which the sufferer, driven to desperation, cried out:

"I dinna suppose ye *can* draw teeth!"

At this the doctor seized his forceps and jumped over the counter. "I'll draw every tooth in your head!" he shouted, and started in pursuit of his patient, who rushed through the Market Square of Keith vainly shrieking for aid.

He was finally outrun by the doctor, who got him down on his back, and triumphantly took out two of his teeth on the spot.

HARD TO CONVINCE.

THE other morning Mrs. Blank was talking to her husband. "I noticed in *The Daily Hoodoo* that Mr. Blifkins died on Sunday."

"It's a mistake, my dear," replied the husband; "he died on Monday."

"But the paper said Sunday."

"I know it, but it was an error in the print."

"I thought so, too, at first, but I got a half-dozen copies of the paper, and it was the same in all of them. They certainly couldn't have made the same mistake over and over again."

The husband tried to convince her, but it was no use, and he gave it up.

THE TEETH OF THE NEGRO.

THE old-time coloured man was noted for the brilliant whiteness of his teeth—a quality which is not inherited by his descendants of the present day. Nowadays the teeth of the negroes do not seem to be nearly so good as those of his white brother.

The reason is to be found in the change of food. The slaves had plenty to eat, but the food given them was of the simplest kind. Pork, meal, potatoes, and such vegetables as they raised formed their bill of fare.

Now they eat all sorts of indigestible stuff, out-doing the white people in this direction, showing a particular fondness for candies and sweetmeats. The consequence is that in a single generation the ivory teeth of the slave have given place to the decayed fangs of the freed man.

SKIM-MILK.

MR. BLANK, of the town of Lee, owned a large farm, and hired, among other hands, a man by the name of Jacob. He had bargained that Jacob should have bread-and-milk for supper every night, but took care that the milk was first carefully skimmed, the cream for the creampot and the skim-milk for Jake.

Jacob ate his bread-and-blue-milk three evenings without a murmur. The next morning the master was awakened by a great commotion in the barn-yard. Looking out he saw Jacob hanging to his best Jersey's tail with one hand, while with the other he belaboured her with a bean-pole as she flew round the enclosure.

"There, dang you," said Jake, "don't you ever dare to give another drop of skim-milk as long as you live."

And Mr. Blank took care that she didn't.

A TITLED CHEF.

WHICH of all European Sovereigns has done most to advance the art of dining to the dignity of a fine art? It is the Emperor of Russia. He curiously combines quality with quantity. His appetite is large, and his taste delicate.

The office of Imperial caterer at St. Petersburg is no sinecure. The caterer, if hard worked, is well paid. Of course the *chef* is a Frenchman. Strasbourg has the honour of his birthplace, and France is glad to emphasise the fact that when he had to choose a nationality he remained a Frenchman.

The Czar knew the treasure he had secured, gave him the rank of colonel, which allows him to bear a sword as well as a stewpan, and, recognising his patriotic sentiments, considerately glossed over the rule which should compel his *chef* to be a Russian subject. Colonel Krautz, though Imperial caterer to the Emperor of All the Russias, remains a citizen of France.

KNEW HER BUSINESS.

In East Street the other day two pedestrians suddenly halted and looked up at a fourth-storey window.

The lower sash was raised and the head and shoulders of a child about two years old could be seen. In three minutes there was a group of a dozen men and women, and the child had got its breast on the lower sill and was reaching to get hold of a string hanging from the cornice—a remainder of some disaster to a kite.

"Heavens, he'll fall," gasped one.

"Stop! Stop! Go back!" shouted another.

Everybody had something to say, and while they were saying it the child wriggled further and further over the sill. At length a woman with a basket cried out:

"What idiots you men are! Why don't you run and tell the child's mother?"

Three or four started, but they had not crossed the street when the child lost its balance and pitched out head first.

There was a murmur of horror, but it was checked as the fall of the child was stopped two feet below the sill, and there he hung squalling, with a leather strap buckled round his right ankle.

His howls brought a woman to the window. She pulled him up, deposited him inside, and then shouted to the gaping crowd below:

"Thought I didn't know my business—eh? Well, I just do, and you can move on."

A Strong Team.
Tuesday, "Short Stories" (beautifully illustrated), Thursday, "Society News," Saturday, "P.W."

QUESTIONS WORTH ANSWERING.

REPLIES.

1556. Which is the Most Pestilential Area in the World?

A tract of malarious swamp in Northern India, at the foot of the Himalaya, and in the north of the plain of the Ganges, termed the Terai, the name being Persian, and signifying damp. In Western Africa areas almost as pestilential are found. The heat of the tropical sun, acting on a mass of decaying vegetable matter, occasions the deadly fevers so commonly fatal to Europeans in this part of Africa, and at the mouth of the Gaboon even the negro sickens. To cross the Indian Terai, however, is almost certain death even to the natives. Sir Joseph Hooker, a famous Himalayan naturalist, speaking of this region, says: "At the north foot of the Khasia, in the heavily-timbered Terai, stretching for sixty miles to the Burrampooter, it is almost inevitable death for a European to sleep at any time between the end of April and of November. Many have crossed that track, but not one without taking fever."

1559. What is "International Law?"

International Law is of two kinds, public and private. It is the former that is generally meant, when the phrase "International Law" is used. Public International Law regulates the relations between States as such, private regulates the legal relations between private individuals in cases where different nationality, domicile, etc., make it uncertain which law should prevail. Public International Law is founded partly on what is called by jurists the natural law (which really means those general principles of conduct which all men agree should be observed), partly on treaties and tacit agreements and partly on decisions of international tribunals, such as that now sitting in Paris. Public International Law, as a system, has grown up within the last three centuries. Is is concerned with States, questions of territory and the acquisition and loss of it; the freedom of the sea, treaties, embassies, ambassadors and consuls, arbitration, war, and the manner of conducting it; the rights and duties of neutrals, blockades, prizes of war, etc. Private International Law is concerned with the disagreements between the laws of various countries.

1560. Is there any Species of Delirium in which the Sufferer Knows that he is Delirious, and, if so, How is the Fact Accounted For?

Yes. There are at least two such forms of delirium. One is that produced by hydrophobia, after the paroxysms of which victims often discuss the extravagances they have been driven to, thus proving that they must have retained consciousness though they lost the control of the will. This is the only form of delirium in which the subject can discuss his own symptoms. Somewhat similar is the delirium produced by indulgence in hashish, during which, provided the dose has not been excessive, the victim retains self-consciousness, and knows that he is acting under the influence of the drug and independently of his own volition. The explanation seems to lie in the fact that we have two more or less independent brains. When one of these, usually the right or inferior brain, succumbs, the left, or superior, is capable up to a certain point of keeping watch over it. When the excitement passes this point the second brain becomes affected, reason is totally dethroned, and consciousness is entirely merged in delirium.

1561. Why do Bees Prefer to Work in the Dark?

Because the action of sunlight on honey is to cause the sugar to granulate out, and so to solidify the whole mass. In this form honey is of no use as food to bees or their young; consequently, if a plate of glass be let into a hive, the bees will at once cover it over with layers of wax, until the light cannot pass through it.

1562. Why does a "Singing Kettle" Change the Pitch of its Note Just Before the Water Boils?

This is due to two reasons. When the water gets hot the air and gases in solution are expelled in the shape of bubbles, which form at the bottom where the water is hottest and rise toward the cooler portion at the top, where they are re-absorbed as long as the water remains cool enough to do so. As they are re-absorbed they collapse with a sharp clicking sound, and when these sounds follow each other rapidly enough, the singing note is produced by the vibrations being carried to the comparatively dry air above the water. Just before boiling point is reached two things have happened. All the water is too hot to re-absorb the gases, and the bubbles break on the surface in larger volumes with a duller sound. Added to this the air above has become saturated with water vapour, and does not respond as before to the vibrations produced by the collapsing of the bubbles. The consequence is that the note becomes much lower before it is succeeded by the rolling sound of actual boiling.

1563. Can the Quality of Wood be Improved by Cultivation?

Yes. The quality of wood depends on the shape of the trunk and its precise structure. A straight unbranched trunk (thus free from "knots"), mainly composed of thick-walled spindle-like wood-fibres, constitutes good timber. Opposed to this is a short branched tree, constructed mainly of long, tubular, wood-vessels, with large cavities. In trees grown in the shade, the trunk is straight, and many fibres are formed; but the tree does not thicken much, and the walls of the fibres, etc., tend to be thin and weak. An unshaded tree produces a stumpy trunk, with fewer fibres and more wood-vessels forming its timber; but the tree thickens at a great pace, and the walls of the wood-constituents are thick. Hence by cultivation we can control this most important factor—illumination. In addition, we can grow the tree in a soil suitable to it, and can guard it against hostile influences (cold winds, parasitic animals and plants) which would militate against adequate nutrition, and take from the quality of the wood.

1564. Which Form of Accident is the Most Frequent Cause of Death?

Those classed under the heading, "falls and blows," accidental drowning coming next. For two typical years the total number of accidents from the four most prolific sources was as follows, in England and Wales:—

Falls and Blows	5,721
Drowning	4,937
Burns, Scalds, and Explosions	4.077
Suffocation	3,998

It may be mentioned, also, that the victims of accidents from "burns, scalds and explosions" include 2,178 women and 1,899 men; but that in all other cases the male sex is in a majority. It is also interesting to note that the number of fatal accidents has, in twenty-five years, fallen from 735 per million annually to 518.

1565. Is there any Basis in fact for the Ancient Saying that "The Gods Delight in Odd Numbers?"

Undoubtedly the saying is based on fact, and not on mere superstition. Three indicates the "beginning, middle, and end." The Godhead has three persons; so in classic mythology Hecate had three-fold power; Jove's symbol was a triple thunderbolt, Neptune's a sea-trident, Pluto's a three-headed dog; the Fates were three, the Furies three, the Graces three, the Horæ three, the Muses three times three. Then, moreover, there are seven notes; a major chord, it is well-known, consists of a fundamental or tonic, its major third, and its just fifth. Seven notes complete the octave, and nine is deity. As the odd numbers are the fundamental notes of Nature, the last (nine) being deity, it is easy to see how they came to be considered the great or lucky numbers. There are, again, nine planets, among the ancients, nine orders of angels, seven days a week, 365 days in a year, five senses, five fingers on the hand, five toes on the foot, five vowels, five continents. The odd numbers were regarded in the same light by ancient nations between whom there would seem to be no communication whatever; *e. g.*, there were nine Gallicinæ or virgin priestesses of the ancient Gallic oracle. The serpents or Nagas of Southern Indian worship are nine in number. The followers of Jaina, a heterodox sect of the Hindoos, believe all objects are classed under nine categories. These are some of many instances that might be quoted to show that the saying "The gods delight in odd numbers" has its basis in fact, as well as in tradition and fancy.

1566. Have any Plants more than One Kind of Foliage Leaves?

Yes, several. Many aquatic plants, such as the Water Buttercup and the Water Crowfoot, have aerial and subaqueous leaves; the former flat, and the latter minutely sub-divided into slender spines. In the Shepherd's Purse the leaves on the lower part of the plant differ in shape from those of the upper. The Australian *Eucalyptus globulus*, or Blue Gum, has broad and nearly circular bluish leaves in the earlier part of its growth, and at maturity long, narrow, dark green leaves. Lastly, a twining plant, called by botanists *Dischidia rafflesiana*, has little flat shield-like leaves, and others which are curled up into the shape of pitchers. The common ivy has different leaves on its climbing stems and its flowering stems; those on the former are rather triangular, and those on the latter are oval, but pointed lance-wise at the ends.

1567. What Fish Breathe by Means of Their Tails?

Periophthalmus, which is a small cylindrical fish living in the mangrove swamps of the Malayan region. It wriggles over the mud from puddle to puddle. Often it may be seen lying on the edge of a little pool with only its tail dipping in the water, and gazing intently over the jetlike surface of the swamp with a changeless expression of fishy surprise in its widely-open eyes. Should another of its kind invade the pool, a fight at once ensues, and the vanquished combatant is ejected. *Periophthalmus* breathes by means of its tail, which is richly supplied with fine blood vessels. If the tail be painted over with oil or varnish the fish dies of suffocation.

1570. In What Proportion is the National Income Divided between Capital and Labour?

In the nature of the case this is a question which can only be answered approximately, as there is a considerable margin between the two classes occupied by people who, strictly speaking, are both capitalists and labourers—that is to say, while they have capital invested in business, they put their labour into it as well, and to this extent belong truly to the working-classes. Some allowance will, therefore, have to be made for these. The landowner is, of course, here ranked with the capitalist. The total income of the country may be set down as £1,285,000,000, and this is divided as follows:—Capitalists, landowners, and the upper middle classes, who have capital invested in business, draw £571,000,000 a year, while working tradesmen, professional men living on salaries, and artisans draw £714,000,000. This looks fairly equal, but a closer analysis shows that there are 222,000 families which do no work whose average income is £1,500 a year, and who draw £330,000,000 a year, or nearly one-fourth of the whole national income. These are the capitalists pure and simple. Of the labourers, that is to say the artisan classes, there are 4,774,000 families whose average income is £97 a year, and who therefore draw £467,000,000 or less than one-third. Earned incomes, which do not pay income-tax, are put at £620,000,000, and those which do pay it at £180,000,000. On the whole we are getting richer all round. During the last fifty years the industrial population has increased in number 30 per cent., and their gross income has increased 160 per cent. The total wealth of the capitalist classes has increased 110 per cent. in the same time, while their individual wealth has only increased 15 per cent., which of course means that the wealthy and well-to-do classes are relatively much more numerous than they were fifty years ago.

CONDITIONS.

We shall be glad to receive replies to any of the questions asked here from our readers. Each reply must bear the writer's name and address. We shall print the best reply to each question, and shall pay for all matter printed at our ordinary rate of two guineas a column. The same reader may send replies to any number of queries. Envelopes should be marked "Replies," in the top left-hand corner, and answers to the questions in any issue of the paper must reach us by first post on the Tuesday of the week following that for which the paper is dated. Payment will only be made for replies published. Authorities on which replies are based must be given. Half-a-crown will be paid on publication for every question received which is considered worthy of insertion.

QUESTIONS.

1591. Is there any difference between a stimulant and an intoxicant?

1592. Why does a sudden douche of cold water put a person out of breath?

1593. Which highly organised animal has the least struggle for existence?

1594. Which is the most important portion of land in the world from a strategical point of view?

1595. Why is a certain equine gait called a canter?

1596. Has there ever been a regularly constituted and recognised Society of Infanticides?

1597. In how far is it correct to say that "Evil is good upside down"?

1598. Which is the least understood form of natural force?

1599. Which is the most diabolical member of the insect family?

1600. What truth is there in the supposition that creatures inhabiting great depths in the ocean are very strongly built to resist the great pressure?

A Boon for Professional and Mercantile Men not Provided for by a Life Insurance Policy:

INSURANCE AGAINST SICKNESS.

Readers of *Pearson's Weekly* will be interested to learn that the Ocean Accident and Guarantee Corporation, Limited, are now transacting the above class of business.

Policies are issued against Sickness alone, or against Sickness combined with Accidents, for Amounts from £1 to £10 per week.

NO LIABILITY BEYOND PAYMENT OF PREMIUMS.

Insure against a contingency which must arise sooner or later.

Apply for prospectus to the—

Ocean Accident and Guarantee Corporation, Limited,
40, 42, and 44, MOORGATE STREET, LONDON.
RICHARD J. PAULL, General Manager

HAPPY TRAMP.

THESE lines are supposed to be addressed by a well-to-do child to a tramp outside the window.

It's not so nice here as it looks,
With china that keeps breaking so;
And five of Mr. Tennyson's books,
Too fine to look in—is it, though?

If you just had to sit here—well,
In satin chairs too blue to touch,
And look at flowers, too sweet to smell,
In vases—would you like it much?

Then you can sit on rocks, you see,
And walk about in water, too;
Because you have no shoes. Dear me,
How many things they let you do.

For you can sleep out in the shade
All day, I s'pect, and all night, too;
Because, you know, you're not afraid
Of other fellows just like you.

You have no house like this, you know,
Where mamma's cross, and ladies call;
You have the world to live in, though,
And that's the prettiest place of all.

"A LIFETIME ENTIRELY FREE FROM ILLNESS."

"I WAS born on October 11th, 1807, so shall be eighty-six years of age on October 11th next. I certify that I have never had any illness in my whole life—not even the toothache—nor did I ever take any medicine of any kind."

These are the words of Mr. Richard Withers, of Great Rollright, Chipping Norton, Oxon; and they have been independently verified in the most satisfactory manner by those who were witnesses to the above statement. As was promised, we have forwarded a Guinea to Mr. Withers as our most healthy reader.

Another competitor—Miss Emily Goodwin, of Hampstead—has lived for eighty-six years, and has only been ill once, and that some fifty years ago.

A Sheffield reader is sixty-three years of age, and has never had anything worse than a slight cold, whilst numerous others have lived to ages ranging from forty to sixty without the slightest trace of illness of any kind.

DR. TYSON'S CURE FOR DRUNKENNESS.

RESULTS OF THE BELFAST TESTS.

So much interest was excited by the recent article on Dr. Tyson's cure for drunkenness that I am sure readers will be interested in the following account of his experiments at Belfast:—

"Three weeks ago I announced," says the special commissioner of THE BELFAST NORTHERN WHIG, "that a committee had been formed in Belfast for the purpose of watching a local experiment in the Tyson treatment of habitual drunkenness. This committee consisted of independent gentlemen professing an active interest in temperance work. The names of the members have already been given. Sir James Haslett was chairman.

"It was proposed to adopt a test of the efficiency of the specific on the same lines as that recently conducted in Birmingham, of the progress and result of which I gave an account from personal observation at the time. The committee on their part undertook in the interest of the public and of the temperance cause to procure six or eight as bad cases of habitual drunkenness as could be obtained—persons willing to undergo the treatment under the observation of the committee, and to give the specific a fair trial by taking it as directed. They further agreed to watch the 'patients' carefully in order to be able to form an opinion at the end of the stipulated time—three weeks.

"The committee certainly did not select the cases easiest to be dealt with. They did their best at the outset to ensure the thoroughness of the test by going deep enough down. Of the six persons chosen three had 'gone the whole way'—had reached the *ultima thule* of alcoholic excess—that is, they had at various times experienced the horrors of *delirium tremens*.

"The six persons have been under treatment for three weeks. That is the period of time which, according to Dr. Tyson, is required to effect a cure. On Saturday the committee were summoned to meet in the office of the Temperance League, Lombard Street, to compare notes and make a final inspection of such of the 'patients' as presented themselves for report. Sir James Haslett occupied the chair.

"Four of the 'patients' came up for inspection. They all told a similar story, but their appearance was far more eloquent than their words. The transformation which three weeks had wrought in them was really wonderful. They did not seem the same men; they had improved almost out of recognition. Whether the improvement is going to be lasting remains, of course, to be proved by time; but, even considered as a temporary improvement, it was marvellous. Had the Tysonian remedy accomplished this great change? So far as I could gather from the statements of the men themselves, and from the members of committee, it had.

"The other two persons treated did not present themselves for inspection, but their cases were reported upon by members of the committee who had them under supervision. To all appearance the result of the treatment in each instance has been to kill the drink appetite.

"The greatest 'translation' of all, perhaps, was the commission agent. The physical and nervous improvement that three weeks had made in him was marvellous. He declared that he felt as he had never felt before. On former occasions, when, with the help of friends, he had been led to abstain for a few days, he had had the greatest difficulty all the time in resisting the craving for drink which possessed him, and which ultimately got the better of him. That craving was now dead. He had not tasted drink since the third day of the treatment, and trusted that he should never feel the desire for stimulants again.

"Such is the result of the Belfast test as far as it has gone. Doubtless the committee, or those members who have followed the progress of the treatment, will prepare a report on the subject. I give mine, as the commissioner of a journal appointed to watch the test in the public interest; for the public who have too much reason to lament the social evils due to drunkenness should certainly feel a direct interest in anything which appears to go to the root of the matter. Here are half a dozen drunkards reclaimed in the short space of three weeks by simple medical treatment. How long would it have taken to reclaim those cases by the ordinary process of temperance work—by speeches, sermons, pledges, and Sunday closing? It may be a mortifying confession to make, but it is none the less a true one, that reason and argument and appeals to moral feeling have little or no power to reclaim your confirmed drunkard. He must, it seems, be converted through his stomach—not through his brain or his heart."

Copies of the full text of the Birmingham Committee's Report and the above can be had on enclosing a stamped addressed envelope to B. W. Hair and Son, Drug Merchants, High Holborn, London.

LIFE IN A HYDRO.

THE impression that a Hydropathic establishment is a hospital for persons in the last stages of illness is one far removed from the truth. It may best be described as a hotel with a department for people who want their livers renovating.

I have been sampling one of these places. The life is very regular, but the great majority of the inmates are not invalids at all, though they may be required to conform to the rules of the establishment under pain of certain trivial penalties.

If you are a patient you are called at seven a.m. by the bathman who, after placing you in a spray bath, turns on the warm water and gradually increases the temperature until your body resembles a boiled lobster, after which the cold is turned on. Your blood is reckoned to be in good condition when, after submitting yourself to a course of very hot spray baths, you cannot tell when the cold water is applied.

If the establishment happens to be located in a town celebrated for its waters you may be ordered to imbibe two pints of hot sulphur water before breakfast.

Eleven o'clock is the time to see the martyrs to sluggish livers. Around each one's body is wrapped a huge sort of mustard leaf called a liver pack, and the patient lies down for a space of twenty minutes in the bathroom with the mustard and pepper picking at his skin.

At dinner time hot water is recommended to be drunk; and for half an hour after meals it is against the rules for any guest to read. In breaking this rule you incur a small fine—perhaps threepence.

Hydropathic establishments, as a rule, are filled with a jovial company, ever ready for fun, and even the dyspeptic can sometimes be made to laugh.

"No," she said, stating her case to a divorce lawyer, "I never did love him. I married him because he kept a confectioner's shop, with ices, and he basely deceived me three months later by selling out and going into another business."

HE is a very absent-minded man, and was thinking earnestly when a light shower came up.

"Jack," said the young woman with him, "why don't you put up your umbrella?"

"I have tried to," he answered, "but I couldn't get a penny on it."

WIFE: "Why are you smashing the works of your watch in that way?"

Husband: "Well, I presume there's a grain of dust in the hairspring that makes it necessary for me to take it to the jeweller. He always charges me for rebuilding it throughout, and this time I mean he shall earn his money."

CYCLING NOTES.

MUDGUARDS have always been intended for use, just like tyres and spokes. Notwithstanding, it has become quite the thing for the fast section of the cycling community, who will not carry an ounce of superfluous weight, to wholly discard these necessaries. The result is, that after a long ride on a wet day, the mud-guardless cyclist is covered with mud and dirt to the top of his head.

Perhaps he likes it; there is no knowing; but it does not look nice, and must be inconvenient. Never be without mudguards; they may save you from much unpleasantness, and their trifling weight need be considered only by those who time their rides down to fractions of seconds.

* * * *

IT may be possible that we will yet get back to wooden machines. Sanger, the American racing man, who was in England this season, rode a machine whose rims were made of wood, and which was exceedingly light. These rims have been brought down as low as one pound in weight, and there seems to be considerable demand for them in America.

Sanger is a big strong man, and it was often thought that the wooden rims would give way under him; but they didn't, thus establishing conclusively that they are not deficient in strength. The Americans believe in them thoroughly, and an American seldom believes without having seen.

* * * *

WE have already made a move towards a wooden age by establishing a vast track of wood. This is the famous track at Herne Hill, which consists of long battens of pitch pine laid crosswise, with interstices between into which cork washers are inserted, so that the whole looks something like the deck of a ship.

This wood has proved a wonderfully fast surface for racing on, and the likelihood is that it is quite as fast as cement; while it is much more independent of the weather, as cement for some time after rain cannot be ridden on with safety. It has been said that wood is very nasty to fall on; but a fall on anything, when going at racing speed, is never as nice as a seaside holiday.

* * * *

WHEN Mr. J. K. Starley invented the safety bicycle, he very nearly killed the tricycle. But in spite of all temptations, many of its lovers adhered to the three-wheeler. The late Major Knox Holmes, although eighty-five, would never relinquish the tricycle in favour of the lighter and more convenient safety.

It is now possible that the recent great tricycle rides of Mills and Bidlake will do something to bring that machine into more general popularity. Undoubtedly the tricycle is not without several and considerable advantages, especially for ladies and elderly people.

Some of the leading firms have devoted great care to the manufacture of tricycles, and they may be seen in the very highest perfection at the annual cycle shows held in London. We certainly believe strongly in tricycles for the delightful old and middle-aged people who are too heavy and stiff to derive any permanent benefit from a cycling accident.

* * * *

ONE of the quietest and most unassuming of men is Mr. J. B. Dunlop, of Belfast, who revolutionised cycling, and made fortunes for himself, and many others, by inventing the pneumatic tyre. Mr. Dunlop practised as a veterinary surgeon, and up to 1889 he was interested in cycling only because it was an amusement of his little son. Watching the boy riding one day, the pneumatic idea struck him.

In a short time two machines were "shod" with these tyres, and a couple of third-rate men raced on them, beating everyone they met, including men who were well-known to be vastly superior. In 1890 the tyres made their first appearance in England, and their success was so remarkable that in a short time everyone who could afford it, and who wished to be up to date, would have nothing else.

At the end of 1889 a company was formed to take over the rights of Mr. Dunlop and to manufacture the tyres, and its success has been phenomenal, as may be gathered from the fact that its one-pound shares have been quoted as high as £25, and rarely fall below £22. The company has extended its operations all over the Continent and America, and is undoubtedly one of the greatest financial triumphs of the day.

* * * *

THEY always do things better in America. In England we regarded it as a wonderful evidence of the spread of cycling when we found that policemen and clergymen and soldiers and doctors had taken to the wheel; but the Americans have gone one better. They have mounted their burglars and highwaymen on the best machines, and many of those gentlemen now enjoy quite a lucrative practice.

English Cyclists must have their lamps alight at 8.27 p.m. on Saturday, August 12th, and two minutes earlier for every evening till August 19th. In Ireland there is no law compelling cyclists to light up at all. In Scotland the time is about half an hour later than in England.

£100 INSURANCE FOR CYCLISTS.

The only condition required to secure this sum to whomsoever the Proprietors of PEARSON'S WEEKLY *may decide to be the Next-of-kin of any Cyclist who meets with his or her death by an accident while actually riding, is that a copy of the current number of* PEARSON'S WEEKLY, *or this notice, should be in the possession of the deceased at the time of the fatality. The usual signature in pen or pencil must occupy the line left blank at the foot of this notice. Notice of accident must be given within seven days to the Proprietors of the Paper and death must occur within the same period from the accident.*

Signature _____

Available until midnight, August 19th, 1893.

TO MANY LADY GRUMBLERS.—Sorry you didn't get one of the pretty little hand mirrors. All we can say is we distributed one hundred thousand of them.

SOMETHING NEW AND STRANGE.

Under this heading we publish brief accounts of new and curious inventions and discoveries. Should any readers have something exceptional of the kind which they would like to communicate to the world at large, we shall be very glad if they will make this the medium for doing so.

A Clock Tower has been erected by the Chamber of Commerce at Rouen which shows the time on three faces, and on the fourth, which looks towards the harbour, the state of the tide is indicated. This tidal clock is actuated by a wheel gearing in connection with a drum, to which a cord is suspended, having at one end a float on the surface of the water in the dock, and balanced at the other by a counterweight.

The Music of the Poker. If a piece of flannel be tied round the middle of a poker and the two ends of the flannel be wound over the forefingers of your two hands, then if the fingers be placed one in each ear and the poker be struck smartly against the fender rail a deep boom will be heard like the toll of a huge bell. The volume of sound thus concentrated is so enormous that one is apt to wonder where it all comes from.

A Regiment of Baboons. has been encountered in Central Africa, so well drilled and of such ferocity that no expedition has dared to face them. They march in perfect order with outposts and skirmishers, and raid the country up and down for whatsoever they can lay their hands upon. They plunder orchards and fruit gardens wholesale, and have lately acquired the taste for flesh, so much so, that the farmers are fearing organised onslaughts on their flocks.

Mosquito Exterminators are badly wanted in India during the hot weather. An Egyptian friend of mine tells me that in his country the castor-oil plant is a wonderful protection against this terrible pest. In the gardens round the houses and in pots on the window-sills and within the rooms numbers of these plants are set out. The mosquitos seem irresistibly attracted towards them, and after settling for awhile on their poisonous leaves they flutter away but drop down dead before flying many yards. Only one here and there ever escapes from the alluring trap. Readers of *P. W.* in India, please note.

Sleep for the Weary. An eminent doctor gives the following recipe for sufferers from insomnia. The palm of the right hand and the fore part of the body are both plus or positive magnetic poles. The left palm and the back part of the body are minus or negative poles. Like poles repel, and by thus placing the palms of the hands over the various centres of plexuses, a vital current is directed back into the body, its normal circuit is re-established, and its energies are guided and evenly distributed among the organs situate along its course. The result will be composure and recuperation. In plain English, place the right hand on the forehead and the left at the back of the neck, and then, perhaps, start counting a hundred. I tried the experiment last night, but an unfortunate failure was the result. I fell asleep before I had reached ten.

Spirit Tapping. Many and ingenious were the devices formerly employed by smugglers to evade the Customs tax, but the advent of the pneumatic tyre has opened up another channel, which certainly takes the palm for refreshing novelty. For a good many months a number of bicycles with abnormally large tyres passed the Spanish frontier without exciting the suspicions of the Customs officials. These tyres were filled with something very much stronger than air, and of a liquid, not gaseous, nature. This little game was proceeding merrily enough, and the cyclists were raking in a goodly profit, until one sad day a pneumatic tyre took it into its head to burst just on the frontier line, and the secret as well as the spirit leaked out, without ever having the courtesy to wait till the tap—to smuggler cyclists, a convenient substitute for the air-pump valve—was turned on. Most of the members of the clever gang are now doing their time in the Spanish prisons.

Pretty Scientific Experiments which can be brought off successfully without the assistance of a lot of complicated apparatus are always productive of a good deal of interest and amusement. Here is one which I have only heard of quite recently. If the window shutters to a room be closed, so as only to admit a narrow band of daylight an inch or two broad, and a lighted candle or lamp be placed on a table in the line of the rays of light, it will be found that if a piece of white paper be held behind the candle and a pencil or the finger be interposed between the paper and the candle two shadows will be seen on the paper, one a brilliantly bright blue and the other an equally bright orange. By shifting the pencil or finger carefully backwards and forwards a position will be found which brings the two bands of light into close proximity and gives an effect very pleasing to the eye. The room in which the experiment is conducted must only have one window, or if two, one of them must be closed very securely.

A New Use for Dead Horses. Can dead horses be made into illuminating gas? It is known that hydrocarbon gas, which will burn with a bright light, can be made from the bodies of dead animals. According to an Indian newspaper a novel experiment in this direction is to be made at the military gas works at Allahabad. "The manager has come to the conclusion that a dead horse will make almost as good gas as the best Newcastle coal."

42 Cigarettes a Minute. The occupation of the young ladies who do up cigarettes is in danger of shortly being "gone." A machine has been invented which will turn out cigarettes at the rate of forty-two a minute. It is the invention of a Frenchman, and is now attracting a good deal of interest and admiration among inventors of all countries. The apparatus is worked by means of a quarter horse-power gas engine, and requires only the services of one person to feed it.

A New Sweetener. Quite a number of people find that sugar does not agree with them, and it is to them in particular that this paragraph is addressed. A digestible substitute known as dulcine is now being recommended by the medical profession. So powerful are its sweetening properties that thirty grains are equivalent to a pound of sugar. Many patients who are not allowed by their doctors to take the latter delicacy are being treated with dulcine without any evil results arising therefrom.

A Man of Milwaukee has invented a machine for baking bricks by electricity. The essential part is a table covered with iron brick moulds, through which the electric current is applied. The table is fourteen feet by eight, and holds one thousand moulds, connected together like a lot of pigeon holes. Each mould is the size of a brick which has been pressed but not baked, and each has a loose cover so fitted as to follow the brick as it shrinks under the heat. The bricks are taken from the presses and placed in the moulds; the covers are adjusted and the current is turned on. When the bricks have shrunk to the right size the sinking covers automatically turn off the current. The baking is then done and the bricks are stacked.

If any reader of Pearson's Weekly *wishes to communicate with an expert regarding an idea for a patent let him write to the Editor of this paper, marking the envelope* Patent. *The letter will be handed to a gentleman well known in connection with patents, who will put himself in communication with its sender.*

ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF MEN.

Lady Queensberry has joined the Salvation Army under the name of Sister Caroline.

Mr. Justice Day has been "doing" the Western Circuit on horseback. This is something fresh.

Prince Scipion Borghese, whose family was sold up last year—their palatial home filled with priceless artistic treasures coming under the hammer of the auctioneer—has been extremely fortunate in winning the hand of the beautiful young daughter of Cornelius Vanderbilt, who will bring with her a dowry of one million pounds sterling.

Mrs. Langtry loves to see her initials displayed wherever an occasion offers. If you chance to take a stroll down Pont Street, there on the blinds which shade the windows of her house behold the letters L L interwoven. The very cigarettes she smokes are adorned with the mystic capitals, and her pet poodle is marked with an L on either side.

Mr. John Redmond, the Parnellite leader, is a man of middle height, broad shouldered, with sharp, clear-cut features and a determined face, adorned only with a slight and insignificant moustache. He is still a young man, and his quiet decisive ways admirably suit him for his duties as leader and controller of those excitable Celts who worship the memory and politics of Parnell.

Mr. Gordon Bennett, of American newspaper fame, who has for long been famous for the splendid teams he drove, and the remarkably erratic way in which he tooled them through the streets of Paris, was thrown from his box the other day and seriously injured. He is now thoroughly disgusted with coaching, and has determined to abandon it for evermore. Before the accident, driving with four good horses in front of him was Mr. Bennett's favourite occupation.

Frank W. Shorland, winner of the twenty-four hours' cycle race with 426 miles 440 yards to his credit, is quite a young man, and perforce "clean shaven," except for a struggling moustache on the upper lip. He was the first rider to accomplish the journey from London to Brighton and back in quicker time than that occupied by James Selby in his famous coach record of 7 hrs. 50 mins., Shorland beating this by thirty-one minutes. He is a nephew of Jerome K. Jerome, and once upon a time served behind the counter in a draper's establishment.

If Sir John Millais is working, he is also smoking.

The Queen of Italy, having a desire to improve the condition of the submerged tenth in her southern kingdom, is setting about the business in the one and only practicable way. That is to say, she is attempting to reform the ragged little children of the gutter. They are to be rescued from the streets and taught some useful trade.

Whilst the Czarewitch was staying in London almost every post brought him threatening letters. Needless to say these communications were anonymous and bore neither date nor address. There is very excellent authority for believing that more than one attempt on his life was planned and only frustrated at the last moment by the exceeding great care that was exercised in guarding the young Russian.

Emma, the Queen Regent of the Netherlands, has always studied the best methods for making her little regal daughter brave, as becomes a Princess of the house of Orange. On one occasion, when their horses ran away and the coachman was thrown out, although Queen Emma and her little daughter escaped uninjured, orders were immediately given to bring out fresh horses, "for if we do not start again my daughter will learn the meaning of the word fear," said the strong-minded Regent.

The average mortal seems to have an idea that the caricatures of famous men and women—sometimes rude, sometimes scandalous, occasionally funny without being vulgar—which appear in the comic papers seldom come before the eyes of those who have been made the subject of the facetious artist's pen, or the knowledge of their friends. But this is not the case. Even the Queen has a fine collection of these pictorial eccentricities, which have been preserved from all the comic sheets published during the last fifty years.

Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., does not seat himself while painting, but paddles about during his occupation. He likes to have half a dozen pictures or so in progress, and sometimes puts a touch to each of them in one morning. His age is threescore years and twelve.

Mr. Watts rises every morning at four o'clock, and goes to bed at nine. When a young man he detested early rising, but he cured himself of this by sleeping on the floor! He paints nearly all day long, and seldom leaves his beautiful studio until the light is gone.

M. Camille Flammarion the famous French astronomer, lives in the top corner of a house in one of the fashionable streets of Paris. His rooms are furnished in the most simple style, and above everything reigns supreme an air of everlasting untidyness. On chairs and sofa, carpet, tables, desks, and everywhere are heaped a miscellaneous collection of books, newspapers, pamphlets, and written manuscript.

M. Flammarion wrote his first book at the age of nineteen. He is gifted with unbounded energy and a wonderful constitution, which enable him to master an enormous amount of downright hard work every day of the year.

Eighty-seven years of toil and tribulation have had little effect on the vigorous constitution of Sir Isaac Holden, the new baronet. He attributes his marked success in resisting the attacks of father Time to his careful dietary, inborn love of fresh-air, and early rising. Fruit he has a weakness for, and sometimes for months he will not touch any other food.

As a rule he eats meat and fish in strict moderation, and nibbles at his food after the manner of the G. O. M. —forty bites to a mouthful, or something of that kind. He invariably eats without drinking, thus retaining the full vigour of the saliva. Sir Isaac is the wealthiest member of the House of Commons, and is credited with an income of £200,000 a year.

Paternoster Row has a distinguished visitor in the person of Sahoi Ohashi, the chief publisher of Tokio, who has come over here to learn a few secrets of the trade. From what he says it appears there are no great writers in Japan; but he hopes he may learn a thing or two over here which will help to develop the native genius so that it may flourish amazingly.

Mr. Ohashi is responsible for the statement that Western writers are comparatively unread among his countrymen, and this is another matter he hopes to remedy. Nearly 5,000 compositors and a literary staff of 300 writers are employed by Sahoi Ohashi on the compilation of encyclopædias, juvenile literature, books of law, commerce, fiction, and universal history.

Mr. Millionaire-Pall-Mall-Gazette-Astor, who lately made arrangements for the purchase of the Duke of Westminster's country house of Cliveden, nearly lost this prize by trying to get too much for his money. He laid claim to the visitors' book, a unique collection of valuable autographs, and the Duke refused to admit the claim, threatening to cancel the sale altogether if it were persisted in. However, it seems that Astor has legal rights on his side, and finally allowed the Duke to retain the book on payment of £300.

Considering there is no immediate prospect of his being hard up, one might well have expected from Mr. Astor that courtesy which should have prompted him to hand over the book without a murmur instead of selling it for a nominal sum that will sink unnoticed into his bed of millions.

"GREAT TOWNS COMPETITION."—Miss M. C. Parkinson, of Bolton, writes: "I beg to thank you for the beautiful etching, 'A Peaceful Summer Eve,' which I received quite safely on Saturday last. I can only say that I am delighted with it."

WORKERS AND THEIR WORK—No. XCVIII.

VICTORIA C. WOODHULL,

(NOW MRS. JOHN BIDDULPH MARTIN)

CANDIDATE FOR THE PRESIDENCY OF THE UNITED STATES.

UNORTHODOX views, backed up by wealth and wits, have an easy path before them, and Mrs. Martin, who possesses all three, has found no difficulty in making known her programme throughout the Old World and the New. Probably few women have been more talked about in their time. Her first public appearance was in 1869, when she and her sister—both under thirty years of age—suddenly came down to Wall Street, the stock-jobbers' quarter in New York, and opened a broker's office there.

The American Press was, of course, delighted, and indulged in endless lucubrations on the subject in their odd phraseology and overpowering headlines. THE NEW YORK HERALD announced that "The general routine of business in Wall Street was somewhat varied to-day by the mingling in its scenes of two fashionably-dressed ladies as speculators. Who they were few seemed to know, except that they were from the Hoffman House. Where they obtained their knowledge of stocks was a matter of puzzling conjecture with those whom they met. After investing to the extent of several thousand shares in some of our principal stocks, and announcing their intention to become regular *habitués* of Wall Street, they departed, the observed of all observers."

Next day THE HERALD received "two delicately engraved cards, upon boards of the finest texture," with the names Victoria C. Woodhull (now Mrs. John Biddulph Martin) and Miss Tennie C. Claflin (now wife of Sir Francis Cook, Bart.), and the address, Hoffman House, Parlors (American spelling) 25 & 26. The cards were accompanied by a little note from the firm:—"We were not a little surprised at seeing our appearance in Wall Street noticed in your columns of to-day. As we intend operating as mentioned we should be glad to make your acquaintance. WOODHULL, CLAFLIN & Co."

A reporter was accordingly sent round at once to "Parlor" No. 25, which he found "profusely decorated with oil paintings and statuary, and furnished with a sofa, chairs, a piano, and the various other articles, useful and ornamental, which go to the make-up of a lady's drawing-room."

The senior member of the firm informed the reporter that "a woman is just as capable of making a living as a man; and I have seen men so vain of their personal appearance and so effeminate that I should be sorry to compare my intellect with theirs. I don't care what Society thinks; I have not time to care. I don't go to balls or theatres. My mind is in my business, and I attend to that solely."

Being reminded that success on the Stock Exchange required experience, Miss Claflin retorted that she had studied law in her father's office for six years, and knew as much of the world as many older men, and Victoria Woodhull stated that she had been in the business in New York for some two or three years and had made about 700,000 dollars, although her operations were conducted solely through agents in the street.

Shortly after the firm established itself as a banking-house in Wall Street, and aroused considerable curiosity and attention. A jocular journal said that the ladies would be quite in their element there, for the nursing of a "corner" would employ their maternal skill, and "calls" would be their delight. Politeness prevented the conjecture, it went on, that they would become "bears." It was aware, of course, that there were such things as female Ursines, but they were confined to the kingdom of the lower animals.

On the other hand, it was loth to think that they could be so Hibernian as to become "bulls." Meantime, it congratulated the brokers that their labours were to be shared by the fair sex, and exclaimed, "How refreshing the time when the bass and baritone of 'Seller 60' should harmonise with the tenor and soprano of 'Buyer 30,' and the halls of the Stock Exchange should exhibit a variety of costume as diverse as the floors of a ball-room."

Derision, however, soon changed into respect when the news leaked out that the firm was supported by Commodore Vanderbilt, and curiosity on the subject rose to a very high pitch. Details as to the comfort and luxury of the new offices were eagerly canvassed—the rosewood counter, the walnut and gold desks, the chairs of oak and green leather, the carpets of finest velvet, the ease and magnificence of the lounges and sofas.

The sightseers, in a few days, became such a nuisance that a door-keeper had to be stationed in the hall to exclude all those who had no real business with the firm, and a notice had to be put up on the door of the private office to the effect that "All gentlemen will state their business and then retire at once."

The firm certainly displayed great tact and good temper towards all sorts of troublesome customers, and their business rapidly increased. Attempts were made to swindle them, but they proved too sharp to be taken in.

One day a person of gentlemanly and businesslike appearance called at the office and tried to impose on them with a bad cheque, but they were shrewd enough to send it to the drawer's bank for verification before paying it, so when it turned out a forgery they were not responsible, and the loss upon it had to be borne by the bank which had been taken in.

All sorts of compliments were lavished upon the firm for their astuteness in this and other matters. Interviewed on the subject, the ladies remarked, "We like all the newspapers; they have been very kind to us. When we were turning this thing over in our minds and debating whether we should start into it, our friends, of course, made all manner of objections. No women had ever been stock or gold brokers; Wall Street was tabooed to petticoats.

"We said we did not intend to let our petticoats interfere with anybody, or take up any more room in the street than the other brokers' trousers. Women stood behind counters, wrote books, acted upon the stage, kept shops, dealt in gentlemen's underclothes, came into business contact with men in a thousand different ways, and it was all right. Nobody thought any harm of it, or said they had no right to do it for an honest living. Custom had sanctioned it. Why shouldn't they just as well be stock-brokers as keep shops and measure men for shirts? We couldn't see why. We have had a great deal of business experience already. We did not commence building until we had counted the cost. Very plucky in us to undertake this, you say? Oh, dear, no; not at all. It does not seem so to us. That is a bit of your newspaper flattery."

Encouraged by her success as a stock-jobber, Victoria Woodhull next year determined to fly at higher game still. Fourteen months after she had set up in Wall Street, she suddenly announced that there was nothing in the American Constitution to prevent female suffrage, and that she intended herself to stand for the Presidency, independently of party. In furtherance of this design, she started a weekly paper, which obtained a circulation of 50,000 copies a week, and aroused much controversy in the Press.

It is recorded in the life of the Empress Josephine that when she was a mere child, a coloured woman of Martinique told her that one day she would become Empress of France. Mrs. Martin told me, when I called on her the other day, that she had her fortune told in a similar way by an old man, who was regarded as a seer in his native village. He foretold that she was destined to obtain renown as an orator, and that her maiden speech would be delivered in the Capitol of her country.

And so it happened. She had drawn up and presented to Congress a memorial claiming her right to vote as a citizen under the Constitution of the United States. Congress, taken by surprise, referred it to the Judiciary Committee, where her reading of the Constitution was supported by several well-known lawyers. The Committee decided to hear what she had to say, and she attended with a deputation of her political friends and delivered a speech which made a favourable impression.

In this, as in most of her other moves, her success was due to her dash and determination. The advocates of female suffrage had been stumping America for about a quarter of a century. They had called conventions, passed volumes of resolutions, and petitioned Legislatures and Congresses in vain. Suddenly Victoria Woodhull, still quite a young woman, took up the question, put it forward in a novel and convincing way, obtained a hearing from Congress, and gave the movement a gigantic advertisement, such as it had never secured before.

In pursuance of her Presidential campaign, she delivered a lecture in Washington, and followed it up by a course of lectures all over the States. Meanwhile her sister, Miss Claflin, put up for Congress, and began speech-making in the State of New York.

Victoria Woodhull's next move was to attempt to register her vote at the elections. A dozen intellectual ladies met in her drawing-room, and read out from the American Constitution the rights and privileges of "All persons born or naturalised in the United States, and subject to the jurisdiction thereof." Then they proceeded in a body to the polling booths and claimed to be allowed to vote. The Democratic inspector objected, whereupon Mrs. Martin delivered a neat little speech in protest.

The inspectors, however, were inexorable, and her persuasive eloquence fell for once on unappreciative ears. The inspector enquired whether she had come with a *mandamus*, compelling him to take her vote. On receiving a negative reply, he regretted that he was acting under instructions and must decline to take her vote. The ladies then withdrew to Mrs. Martin's house, where it was determined to take an action against the inspectors for illegally preventing legitimate voters from exercising the suffrage.

Thenceforward Victoria Woodhull took to lecturing in an indefatigable way all over the country, and, in the course of November, 1872, she was unfortunate enough to wound the tender susceptibilities of the American authorities by the freedom with which she expressed her views. Consequently, one fine morning she and her sister found themselves imprisoned in Cell No. 11 of Ludlow Street Gaol, New York.

All sorts of tricks were had recourse to to keep the ladies in gaol. No sooner were they released on bail than they were again arrested on a fresh charge. Very heavy bail was exacted each time, though, of course, the ladies had no difficulty in finding it. Altogether they were released and re-arrested no fewer than eight times.

When the case came on for trial about seven months later, the judge had no sooner heard the case for the prosecution than he informed the accused there was no occasion for them to offer any evidence in their defence, as no case had been proved against them, and he instructed the jury to find a verdict of "Not Guilty," which they immediately did without leaving their seats. There was, however, no redress for all the annoyance and inconvenience to which they had been put.

From that time forward Victoria Woodhull was allowed to proceed with her lecturing undisturbed, and she seems to have been more kindly treated by the newspapers.

She seems to have spoken with a great deal of earnestness and no little eloquence. Her lecturing had for its object merely the dissemination of her views, and no one has ever suggested that she was otherwise than disinterested. In 1877 she came to this country, and lectured in St. James's Hall to large and fashionable audiences, afterwards going the round of the provinces.

I called upon Victoria Woodhull the other day at her London house in Hyde Park Gate, which, with its palms and statuary and hosts of pretty things, is a sufficiently striking contrast to the abode of the ordinary exponent of new views. She explained to me what her present intentions were. Her magazine, THE HUMANITARIAN, which has been in existence a year or two, has now just been brought out in a new and improved form, with Mr. Walter Besant and other well-known writers among the contributors.

Mrs. Martin is busy formulating her "Humanitarian" programme in a striking and popular shape, with a view to starting lectures again in the autumn in America. She converses agreeably, and has, in her manner and appearance, the true stamp of the enthusiast. I am told that she is a fluent and incisive speaker, and certainly all her writings are lucid and readable. By the irony of fate, Victoria Woodhull became, a number of years ago, the wife of a sober, practical English banker, and the odd thing is that, though so different in temperament, they get on admirably well together.

Talking over now the various episodes in her strange career, Mrs. Martin frankly admits that her candidature for the Presidency was rather with a view of challenging public attention than with the expectation of getting elected then. She does not despair of the day when all the chief offices of her country will be open to women equally with men, and should her anticipations be realised it is safe to say that her method of campaigning will have been largely responsible for the result.

As to her flutter in Wall Street, it was undertaken with no mere ambition to shoulder and huckster with men, but simply to do a service to the country by exposing the rotten state of commerce. She went to the centre of the roguery to see for herself what was being done, and, when she had seen, she proceeded to expose one nefarious scheme after another in her newspapers. She considers that in commerce, as in other walks of life, the sordidness and general lowness of tone are largely due to the absence of the feminine principle, and that much improvement might be obtained by the importation of the feminine element.

Whatever may be said or thought of Mrs. Martin's views, fairness certainly requires an acknowledgment of the skill with which she expounds them, and obtains for them the fullest publicity. She is undoubtedly a remarkable woman.

ONE THOUSAND POUNDS PAID.

This Insurance holds good for any number of claims to the extent of £1,000—not for one only.

£1,000 COUPON TICKET. specially guaranteed by the

OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION, LIMITED,

40, 42, and 44, MOORGATE STREET, LONDON, E.C.

(To whom Notices of Claims, under the following conditions, must be sent within seven days to the above address.)

INSURANCE TICKET *Applicable to passenger trains in Great Britain and Ireland.*

Issued under Section 33 of the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act," 1890.

ONE THOUSAND POUNDS

will be paid by the above Corporation to the legal representative of any person killed by an accident to the train in which the deceased was an ordinary ticket-bearing passenger (including holders of season and excursion tickets), and who, at the time of such accident, had in his, or her, possession, this coupon ticket or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil on the space provided below, which is the essence of this contract. The paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

PROVIDED ALSO, that the said sum will be paid to the legal representatives of such person injured should death result from such accident within three calendar months thereafter.

This Insurance holds good for the current week of issue only, and entitles the holder to the benefit of, and is subject to, the conditions of the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited Act," 1890, Risks No. 2 & 3.

The purchase of this publication is admitted to be the payment of a Premium under Sec. 34 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the office of this Journal, or of the said Corporation. No person can recover on more than one Coupon Ticket of this paper in respect of the same risk.

Signature.....

Available from 5 p.m. of Friday, August 11th, 1893, until Midnight, Saturday, August 19th, 1893. (See column 3, page 75.)

A representative of P. W. leaves England this week on a trip through Europe, with a view to interviewing prominent Continental personages for this series. This is the third time we have sent out an envoy with this object.

A CRICKET MATCH AGAINST LUNATICS.

A MATCH had been arranged between an eleven of the staff and students of the House of Industries Government Hospital (Dublin) and an eleven of the inmates of the Richmond District Asylum. So one day last week I found myself in a field within the precincts of the asylum, and the sight was indeed a novel one.

The wickets were pitched on a very pretty piece of ground, and some hundreds of men in grey garb—the lunatics—looked on while their champions, two of whom were doctors of the staff, the remaining nine being *bonâ fide* certificated lunatics, stood in the centre eager for the fray.

Their captain, Dr. Rambeau, who set the club a-going, had them equipped in cricket jackets of black and red, with ties, caps, and belts to match. To the poor fellows the event seemed to be truly a bright gleam of sunshine bursting in for a few brief moments on their dull, gloomy, clouded lives.

We lost little time in tossing the coin, and fortune favouring the Asylum they sent two of their number to champion their cause at the wickets. Another lunatic, a jovial rotund individual who believed himself to be the Almighty, and thinks deciding knotty points of cricket one of his divine prerogatives, came out to umpire for his side.

Against very fair bowling they knocked up by sound cricket 58 runs. The top score, 15, was made by a lunatic who glories in being called the captain, a title which no one seemed at all anxious to withhold from him.

He is really a fine fellow, and, although fifty years of age, is their best bat, and took four of our wickets. He always appears on the field arrayed in pads and wicket-keeping gloves—whether fielding, batting, or bowling—and would be dreadfully miserable if he were not decked out in all his cricketing war-paint.

Another lunatic who attracted our attention was a a good-looking fellow six feet high, who walked out with a very solemn, measured tread, and taking his stand before the wickets called out to the umpire in a loud, stentorious, but woefully grave voice for "centre and leg." He did not make many runs but afterwards proved a formidable wicket-keeper, stumping very sharply two of our men, a feat that delighted him hugely and elicited loud cheers from the on-lookers.

Our side were strong in batting and compiled 150 runs, but the inmates made very sturdy efforts to dispose of us, and really their fielding and bowling were surprisingly good.

However, Doctor Rambean's eye required to be constantly on his patients, and his voice was frequently heard quietly rousing them up to their various duties on the field as occasionally they became listless and their energies seemed to flag.

But on the whole it was surprising to see how eagerly they entered into the spirit of the game, and the outbursts of applause with which they marked its progress. We came away from the unique experience, having had not at all a bad day's cricket, and feeling pleased that we had been able to add our little modicum to the pleasure which the match with its accompanying excitement so evidently gave to these poor fellows.

ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTEEN CLAIMS HAVE BEEN PAID.

INSURANCE AGAINST GENERAL ACCIDENTS

ACCORDING TO CONDITIONS GIVEN BELOW.

Specially guaranteed by the

OCEAN ACCIDENT ASSURANCE CORPORATION, Limited.

£25 INSURANCE COUPON. £10

£25 *will be paid by the above Corporation to the Legal Representatives of any person killed by an accident to the train, steamboat, Tramway, Omnibus, or other public conveyance in which he or she was travelling as a passenger, or while walking on any street or public road within the United Kingdom as a private individual, should death result within one month after such injury, and the like amount will be paid should such injury not prove fatal, but result in the complete and irrecoverable loss of sight in both eyes, or the loss by actual separation of two legs, two arms, or a leg and an arm.*

£10 *will be paid should such injury only result in the loss as above defined of sight in one eye, or the loss of one arm or one leg, and £5 will be paid should such injury only result in the fracture of an arm or leg.*

£5 *will be paid to any person who shall sustain a fracture of an arm or leg while engaged in playing Football, or while Cycling.*

Provided in all above cases that the person so killed or injured was the owner of this Insurance Coupon, with his or her usual signature written underneath, when the accident on which the claim is based occurred. The paper may be left at his or her place of abode so long as the coupon is signed.

This Insurance entitles the holder to the benefit of, and is subject to the conditions of, the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act, 1890, Risks No. 2, 3, 5, and 6."

This Insurance is limited to One Coupon of this paper for each holder, and is not invalidated by any Insurance with this or any other Accident Company, but is in addition thereto.

Notice of Claim must be made to MR. C. ARTHUR PEARSON, *Henrietta Street, London, W.C., within seven days of the accident.*

*Signature*_____

(See column 3, page 75.)

Available from 6 p.m. of Friday, August 11th, 1893, till midnight, Saturday, August 19th, 1893.

CONFESSIONS OF A SNAP-SHOT FIEND.

BY ONE.

MY experiences as an instantaneous photographer are evenly divided between the pleasant and the unpleasant. Though pursuing the vocation more as a hobby than as a means of profit, I manage to make enough out of it to pay my expenses abroad every year, for any striking pictures I take I despatch to firms of photographers in London and Paris, who reproduce them. Many of the portraits on match-boxes, for example, I recognise as my handiwork.

Somehow or other there is a growing antipathy against the poor snap-shot man, and he is often really in danger of serious bodily damage. I remember once taking a snap-shot of a beautiful girl in Rome and being detected in the act. The result of it was I was publicly assaulted by the lady's brother, who threw me to the ground and broke my camera and all my plates.

Another time in Cherbourg, being unwell, I lent my camera to a friend, who innocently enough set to work to photograph some women idling near the fortifications. Instantly he was pounced upon by a couple of gendarmes, who demanded the surrender of the camera.

My friend refused to fall in with their wishes, and stuck to the apparatus like grim death. There was a great row, and in the end he was carried to the lock-up on a shutter and kept in the cells for twenty-seven hours. The camera, a most expensive one, was smashed to atoms in the struggle.

Better than these, however, was a snap-shot I once took of a well-known dowager duchess at Mentone. She was munching a big piece of pear at the time, and screwing her mouth round in most unaristocratic fashion. She perceived that I had photographed her, and came and begged me to break the plate, offering me a large sum if I would consent to do so. I promised her faithfully to take only one impression, which curiosity I have in my private album.

I once took a photograph of a debilitated and fortune-hunting German count proposing on his knees to an American heiress on the promenade by the sea at Monte Carlo. The lady saw me, and was so tickled at the absurdity of the situation that she promptly came across to me and gave an order for one hundred and fifty impressions, which I afterwards learned she distributed among her girl friends in New York. Some months later I saw a copy in one of the Berlin shop-windows.

In my album I have a curious picture of Bismarck fastening up an unruly bootlace, and another of the Czar of all the Russias dragging a toy horse behind him.

I can honestly say, however, that with the solitary exception noted above, I have never tried to make money out of snap-shots which would have brought the originals into ridicule. I have frequently been offered big prices for my private collection, which I value at several hundreds of pounds, but I have steadfastly declined to part with it.

POMPOUS JUDGE: "I hope you have a good practice?"
Young Lawyer: "Yes, I have, thank you."
"I am glad to hear it. And in what branch is your practice mainly?"

WIGGINS: "Lend me ten bob till to-morrow, will you?"
Diggins: "I should say not. It was only last Sunday that you told me to-morrow never comes in this world."

MADGE: "What kind of a bathing suit will you wear at Brighton this season?"
Miss Prim: "I shall wear a suit of 1830 period."
Madge: "Really, and you've kept it all these years."

PRY: "I'm afraid Dobson's in some financial trouble. He has put a mortgage on his house."
Twigg: "Just as I predicted. He has seven daughters, and all of them have appeared in new bonnets."

TEACHER: "What is the principal use of a knife? For instance, why does your father carry a knife in his pocket?"
Young Hopeful: "Please, sir, because of the corkscrew."

EDITOR (testily): "I can't see anything in that manuscript of yours."
Struggling Author (vindictively): "I presume not; but, you know, some of your readers may be quite intelligent."

SMITH: "Hullo, Brown, old boy, how are you? Why, I hardly knew you. How long is it since I've seen you?"
Brown: "Why, let's see, it—it must be about six years."
Smith: "So it is; how you've altered. You've had your hair cut, or something!"

GREAT TOWNS COMPETITION.

1,500 GUINEA ENGRAVINGS TO BE GIVEN AWAY.

No. 8.

SPECIAL OFFER TO THE INHABITANTS OF CHELTENHAM, COVENTRY, CROYDON, COATBRIDGE, AND CORK.

As announced in previous issues we have devised a form of competition which, instead of being open to readers all over the kingdom, and thus, by the multitude of entries, affording individual competitors but a small chance of success, will be open to dwellers in particular towns only.

The prizes take the form of charming engravings, 20 by 30, handsomely framed in solid oak, of a kind that are sold in print-shops for a guinea apiece. The subjects have been carefully chosen for their artistic beauty, and in the case of each particular town the engravings will be on show somewhere while the competition is open.

For the purposes of this competition towns will be taken in alphabetical order. Every town containing at the last census 40,000 inhabitants or more in England will be admitted, and every town in Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, of 20,000 or more.

The pictures will be presented in the proportion of one to every ten thousand of population, that is to say, Aberdeen with its population of 121,905 secured twelve pictures.

The towns will be arranged so that about thirty pictures are given away every week, except in the cases of towns like London and Liverpool, where the population is so great that more are required. This week the competition is open to dwellers in Cheltenham, Coventry, Croydon, Coatbridge, and Cork.

Name of Town.	Population.	Pictures.
Cheltenham	42,914	4
Coventry	52,730	5
Croydon	102,697	10
Coatbridge	20,000	2
Cork	75,070	7

In Cheltenham the pictures are on view at Mr. W. T. Hardy's, 104, High Street; in Coventry, at Messrs. Horner & Co.'s, 6, Cross Cheaping; in Croydon, at Mr. W. Jennings', Station Yard, West Croydon; in Coatbridge, at Mr. A. Pettigrew's, Main Street; and in Cork at Mr. G. V. Murray's, 7, Grand Parade.

Competitors must be resident in one of the above towns, taking the widest recognised boundaries. The form of competition will be similar in every case, and will this week be on the following lines:—

Below will be found six combinations of letters, each of which will, when re-arranged, give the name of a part of a ship.

rsady powrtbis
dduerr ryssbdal
psoamtt realgimnta

Competitors are requested to send their solutions in an envelope with the word PICTURE plainly marked on it.

The following regulations must be strictly adhered to:—

On a sheet of note-paper the competitor must write his name and address, and below it the six parts of a ship. This must be witnessed by three other persons who are not entering the competition, and who must also append their names and addresses.

Each attempt must be accompanied with the coupon at the top right-hand corner of front page of the wrapper of this issue, and no person must send more than one attempt.

One of the above-mentioned works of art will be presented to the twenty-first competitor who forwards the correct solution of the puzzle, and to every fiftieth afterwards, until the whole number have been awarded.

The persons who witness the five-hundredth correct application that comes to hand will receive a half-crown apiece.

Letters only. Please post early.

NEXT WEEK'S PRIZES WILL BE FOR THE INHABITANTS OF DERBY, DEVONPORT, DUDLEY, AND DUNDEE.

After the large towns are exhausted, competitions will be held for which dwellers in small towns and villages alone are eligible.

RESULT OF GREAT TOWNS COMPETITION.

No. 6.

THE Hidden Insects in the Competition which was set to our readers in Brighton and Bristol were as follows:—

Mite, Locust, Earwig, Cricket, Mosquito, and Butterfly.

A splendid-framed Guinea Etching has been awarded to each of the persons named below:—

IN BRIGHTON:—

Mrs. Crombie, 8, West Hill Road; H. R. Carter, 9, Ship Street; H. Green, 15, Richmond Road; T. Lewis, 73, Hanover Street; A. Arnold, Mineral Water Works, George Street; Herbert Henry Beare, 4, Belton Road; R. E. Brown, 9, Guildford Road; A. J. Norwood, 62, Clyde Road; Douglas M. N. Pearce, 66, Coleman Street; Mrs. Julia Knight, 27, Lansdowne Street; A. C. Watson, 18, Montague Street.

IN BRISTOL:—

Mrs. L. Williams, 18, Melrose Place, Clifton; E. J. Matthews, 65, Regent Street, Newtown; O. H. Jones, 15, Shaftesbury Avenue, Montpelier; A. Dawes, 218, Gloucester Road, Horfield; W. H. Lawton, Dorset House, Dean Lane, Southville; S. Gay, 36, Prince Street, Queen Square; A. Collings, Amulree, Wells Road; George Hastlings, 2, Byron Street, Newfoundland Road; Richard Eabester, 56, Stevens Crescent, Totterdown; Miss Kate Whitcombe, Cliff House, Hinton Road, Easton; Frank Fox, 2, Redcross Street, St. Phillips; Mrs. Cross, 80, Egerton Road, Bishopston; Miss Elsie Brock, 19, Kensington Hill, Brislington; G. L. Ball, Fishponds; William Ellis, 13, Grosvenor Road, St. Paul's; Walter S. Bracher, 11, Brigstock Road; Miss Nellie Gardner, 8, Alma Vale Road, Clifton; William R. Reeve, 4, Montgomery Street, St. Luke's Road, Totterdown; J. Burton, 14, Charles Street, King Square, Avenue; George Turner, 82, Drummond Road; Charles Cole, Singleton Villa, Elmgrove Road; Miss Clara Davey, 15, Osborne Villas, St. Michael's Park.

The witnesses to the five-hundredth correct application and to whom 2s. 6d. each has been sent, were:

Daniel Price, 2, Hardinge Street, Newtown, Bristol.
George Northam, 6, Clarke Street, St. Phillips, Bristol.
Arthur Rice, 66, Hill Street, Totterdown, Bristol.

RESULT OF THE ANAGRAM COMPETITION.

THE WINNERS OF THE TWO CYCLES.

COMPETITORS have apparently found some little difficulty in making a sensible anagram on the words, "Swift and Marlboro' Club Cycles," and anagrams which not only were sensible, but had some sort of connection with the subject in hand, and did not contain strings of initials, abbreviations, or words such as "Club" or "Cycle," which appear in the original sentence, were conspicuous by their absence.

Still, some thirteen thousand of our re ders were not in the least bit disheartened, and, in the end, have evolved quite a number of really creditable anagrams.

MR. PHILIP ANDERSON, Fountainbridge Public School Edinburgh, wins the first prize, a machine known as the Model C. "Swift," and quoted in the Coventry Machinists' Co.'s catalogue at £21 10s., for the anagram, "C. M. C.'s own build carry best of all."

The second prize, a Model D. "Swift," fitted with cushion tyres, and quoted in the catalogue at £14 10s., goes to Mr. J. CARRE, 45, Stanton Street, Arthur's Hill, Newcastle-on-Tyne, for his anagram, "We try climbs; no bad falls occur."

Readers in Derby, Devonport, Dudley, and Dundee ought to show their friends the notice on column 3, so as to give them a chance of entering.

WOMAN, THE MYSTERY.

A STORY OF THREE REVOLUTIONS.

By HENRY HERMAN,

Author of "Pandora's Box," "The Loser Pays," "Eagle Joe," "His Angel," "The Great Becklesthwaite Mystery," etc.

SUMMARY.

The story opens with a street fight in Paris in the Rue St. Jacques during the last days of June, 1848. In a room at the top of one of the houses an old man and a young girl are waiting the death which the triumph of the National Guards seems to make inevitable. A young Revolutionist bursts into the garret to tell them that "that Englishman is in the street fighting for the Guards, and will reach the house in another fifteen minutes. As soon as he has gone the old man tells the girl that he is not her father, as she has believed him to be, and then forces her to make her escape over the roofs, telling her to seek refuge with an American named Adams. He then lays a train to a quantity of gunpowder under the floor, and awaits the coming of the Englishman, Walter Glaydes, who is in pursuit of the young girl, and a body of the Guards. As they burst the door in he fires the train and the explosion completely wrecks the upper part of the house.

CHAPTER IV.

HÉLÈNE'S ESCAPE.

HÉLÈNE stood for a few moments' space undecided in the middle of the store closet. A host of conflicting thoughts crowded themselves into her mind. She was a naturally brave girl, and dangers that could be struggled against had few terrors for her.

She was well accustomed, in fact, to the bitter fight for life which saturated the old man's existence, and had taught her a cunning resource beyond her years, and an instinctive readiness in emergencies. But life is sweet and dear, after all, especially at seventeen, and when no good can come to anybody by laying it down.

"He has been a father to me. I ought not to leave him," she thought, and with the same heart-beat it flashed upon her, "What good can I do by staying?"

Barely knowing what she did, she slipped the end of the rope through the ring of the staple forming part of the window fastening, and opening the little window, looked out.

The projecting portion of the building prevented her from seeing more than a part of the yard at the back of the house. In the courtyard of the building itself the noise became more furious, the crashes of the rifle shots became volleys, and the whole of the awful din swelled towards her.

With a sudden impulse she swung herself on to the ledge outside, and having gripped the rope with both hands, slipped down on to the roof of the shed below before she knew what she was doing.

There she had a freer field of observation. Nobody seemed to move in the yard. One man lay prone, his face in a stream of blood, and two men were huddled up in a corner, one with his back to the wall, and, as she thought, staring at her. But as she looked more intently she saw that the face was ghastly white and the eyes glassy. The man was dead.

The unfinished building opposite her seemed to be untenanted by friend or foe. She looked down and saw that she was not more than twelve feet from the ground.

The rope was still hanging from the little window and she pulled it down towards her. The babel in the house behind her became more dreadful than ever.

"I wonder what they have done to him?" she questioned herself. "I wonder if he is still alive?"

Even as she spoke she heard a noise in the building in front of her and half a score of soldiers of the line dashed into the place. Two of them rushed out into the yard and looked about savagely, with their muskets cocked, ready to kill.

Hélène lay down flat on the little roof with her heart thumping against her ribs. The soldiers having, as they thought, examined the place, and found it untenanted except by the dead, flew away again, and Hélène, without another thought, threw her rope around the still standing portion of a ruined chimney, and, taking both ends in her hands, slid down in the same manner as before.

Her hands were raw and bleeding, but she had no time to think, and she crossed the yard in a panting haste. She had barely entered the still unfinished main building when the roar of the explosion in the old man's room shook the earth around her, and a hail of bricks and broken timber bespattered the yard.

She looked up with fevered eyes, and saw the greater portion of the top of the house where she had lived in ruins, whilst a red cloud rose high above it. A cry of terror escaped her.

Before she had time to decide what to do, she heard the rush of heavy steps over the stone flags, the clank of arms and the shouts of the officers, and she shrank back into one of the doorless and windowless rooms.

The minute afterwards the courtyard swarmed with men, and she crept as far away as she could into the darkest corner she could find, and crouched there, clutching the bare bricks with her quivering hands.

The National Guards, who had invaded the place to ascertain the cause of the explosion, finding their presence useless, went away again to continue the fight lower down in the street, and Hélène breathed a little more freely.

The musketry rattled furiously, and, amid the never-ceasing noise, the girl crouched in her dark corner, barely daring to move, and yearning for the night to come, when perhaps she might venture out into the street.

How long she stayed in that place she hardly knew, but years seemed to pass before her calm reasoning returned.

Then a host of memories crowded themselves around her, and questions of which she had never dreamed forced themselves upon her. She sat in her corner with her back against the rugged wall, staring into vacancy, and thinking of her past life, of the scenes through which she had wandered.

She was alone in the world now—the man whom for so many years she had loved and honoured as a father was dead, that was a certainty. In his dying hour he had told her that he was not her father. She had never remembered another. She had called him father, first of all, and daddy in English, and then she had called him father in French. She spoke both languages with equal facility and remembered not when she had first learned either. She had never called any woman mother.

A home such as men and women remember as sacred to their childhood, a home where the child sees the saplings grow into trees, and the hedges expand and become thicker, and the creepers grow fuller and stand out greener every year, where the puppies grow into dogs and the little playmates grow bigger and stronger, and baby blossoms into boyhood or girlhood; where, above all, one loving and beloved woman's face grows daily brighter and sweeter to the child's ripening intelligence, more of a heaven truly its own, where the name of mother is holy and revered—such a home she had never known.

For as many years as she remembered she had been a wanderer upon the face of the earth. As she thought over her journeyings, she saw through the mists of years a country with red rocks that rose sheer and steep out of the churning blue sea. Not always blue—dark and stormy and wild now and then. That she remembered, too.

Then, as she further pictured her young life's record, she saw great towns and mansions and the places wherein she dwelled—first of all luxurious, and, after that, becoming meaner and poorer, and changing in their appearance, both in form and in colour, and the language of the people changing with them.

She had heard the old man, whom she had thought her father, called Jean—by some, Jean Lemure; but Mr. Adams, the gentleman to whom she was going, had called him Parlowe—Rustrome Parlowe—and the old man had seemed angry because Mr. Adams had so called him.

And he was not her father. Was her own father still alive? In good truth, she had so long looked upon Jean Lemure as her father and had so long called herself Hélène Lemure, that it seemed strange to her to think of anybody else as her father, and beyond a curious wonderment as to whether her father might be alive or dead, she thought no more about it.

She sat there until in spite of the June warmth she shivered, whether with the emotion of her self-communing or with the strain of the waiting she herself could not have told. The shadows lengthened and gradually the din in the street calmed down, and when the pale moon rose over the house-tops the noise of the firing had ceased, but for a stray shot that now and then stabbed the calm of the evening.

In the street outside the heavy tramp of the soldiers sounded at intervals, as a company or a squad marched to the front, or went back to the other side of the Seine, after having done their duty.

The insurrection was over. The cordon of the troops had gathered in a harvest of death, as it drew closer and closer around the fated men who had planted the red ensign on the Panthéon.

As night came on, Hélène picked up her courage and crept along the open rafters to the front portion of the building. The houses in the street showed the traces of the terrible struggle that had taken place within them, the doors smashed in, the windows broken, the shutters riddled with great rents and bullet-holes, whilst all along the pavement and in the roadway lay the bodies of National Guards and of insurgents on the spots where they had fallen in the embrace of death.

Now and then a broken shutter was opened cautiously, and a head looked guardedly out and quickly drew in again. Some man or woman still lay in hiding there, having escaped the general massacre. Beyond that there was the silence of death in the street—death grimly and gauntly visible at every step.

At last two or three men and as many women ventured out from neighbouring houses and stole down the street, looking with scared eyes to the right and to the left for possible dangers which might befall. Nobody challenged them, and Hélène, seeing the street free, followed their example.

At the very first cross street she turned towards the Rue Monsieur le Prince, where Mr. Adams lived.

She had not far to go, and the side streets were deserted. But she had to cross the Rue de la Harpe and that was crowded. Soldiers and National Guards were drawn up in masses near the Luxembourg. The pavements were littered with wounded and dying men, stretched there in long lines ready for the surgeon's knife.

Near the Cluny the street was one seething hive of ambulances, forage waggons, drivers, attendants, hospital servants, and soldiers, and, strange to say, cafés, and wineshops, past which the tide of battle had streamed but a few hours before, had taken down their shutters, and masters and men were busy gathering a harvest of silver and of copper from the thirsty National Guards and their followers.

Very few women were among that throng, but still here and there one was seen, for the inhabitants of the Rue de la Harpe were well-do-to citizens mostly who had not joined the Reds in their last fight. Hélène, dressed in the garb of a simple work-girl, attracted but little attention. Once an officer challenged her, but allowed her to go, with a chuck under the chin, while Hélène's heart went pit-a-pat, and further on again a Guardsman, rougher or more jocular than the rest, attempted to stop her with an unwelcome embrace.

She escaped with a forced laugh, which had little gaiety in it, as she saw two men with their clothing in shreds, their faces besmeared with blood, and their hands tied behind their backs, led away to the wall of the Sorbonne, where a minute afterwards she heard the rattle of half a dozen rifles, which announced the men's doom.

She knew one of the men. He was a friend of Henri, the young fellow who had been her playmate, and upon whom, in her ingenuous fashion, she looked as her lover. Where was Henri then? Lying on the cold flags most likely, with his heart's blood oozing from him.

She felt herself staggering as she attempted to rush along. Never had so short a distance seemed so long to her.

At last she reached the house in the Rue Monsieur le Prince where Mr. Adams lived. The gateway stood open wide. The *concierge* evidently had fled. Hélène ran up to the first-floor, and, ringing Mr. Adams' bell, had the door opened for her by that gentleman in person.

"So it is you, Hélène," said Mr. Adams. "Poor Jean is dead, then?"

She had been very brave until then, and had thought herself very strong. The dangers through which she had passed had tricked her nerves. Her strength failed her at last, and she fell into Mr. Adams' arms in a dead faint.

CHAPTER V.

"DOCTOR" ADAMS.

GASTON ADAMS LATROBE, whom everybody called Mr. Adams, was born before this century was in its teens, but he looked older than he actually was. He was a tall man, standing over six feet in his stockings, built like a panther, and as lithe and sinewy. His clean-shaven face was of a severely classic mould, pale and furrowed by wrinkles, which were perceptible only when he spoke or smiled. The clear grey eyes, which might have warranted rather an Irish than a Southern descent, were piercing with a placid intensity.

Determination, courage, and ascetic severity were written on that face, whilst the sparse, iron-grey hair flowing to the shoulders gave it an air of sterling honesty. Such a man might have sat as a judge of the Inquisition with the torturer and the executioner at his elbow, or he might have faced the lions in the Caligula days. A face that was in itself a problem which few might solve.

He might have dubbed himself "Doctor," for he was a physician and surgeon of rare genius, and the experts of the Paris School of Medicine, liberal and cosmopolitan beyond the habits of English professors of the art of healing, had on more than one occasion acknowledged the brilliancy of his genius and the finish of his art.

The Paris hospitals are open to all who come to see or learn, be they students or teachers, and Dr. Adams Latrobe walking into the Hospital of the Medical School one day, correctly and without hesitation diagnosed a difficult case which puzzled the head surgeon. From that time forward his assistance was requisitioned on occasions of grave emergency.

New Orleans was his birthplace, his mother a Kentuckian, his father one of the prominent members of the French colony. Both of them died in one fatal week from yellow fever and left him, barely twenty, the inheritor of a comfortable fortune.

He might have lived at his ease on his plantations near Baton Rouge or on Lake Porchastrain, but his ever restless spirit kept him on the move. He came to Europe to study, took his degree at Vienna, and then went to travel in Italy.

At that time the chains of the Austrians and of Bombe hung heavily on the limbs of the wretched Italians. Every week brought its own tale of men shot or tortured and of women imprisoned, flogged, and outraged. Dastardly government provoked desperate reprisals, and the Young Italy party were toiling with halters round their throats to wrench the yoke of the foreigner from the necks of their countrymen.

Young Adams, as he even then loved to be called as a kindly tribute to his mother, soon found himself in the midst of a number of young men steeped in the new zeal and risking their lives in their attempts. What he heard and what he saw made him a martyr of the desperate cause.

He passed two years in a Neapolitan prison, where the cries of the tortured reached his cell nearly daily, and he escaped only in the midst of a reckless conspiracy, during which half the prisoners but also all the guards were slain.

His former friends were amazed after that to see him travel unscathed through the Papal States, through Modena, Tuscany, and the Austrian possessions. When he came to Paris, intriguers had still more cause for their wonderment—his visitors were so varied in their political ideas and in their positions in the Commonwealth.

High-born ladies called on him one day, and upholders of the divine right theory of the bluest Legitimist blood. On the next day revolutionists proscribed by kings and princes were his visitors—men on whose heads prices were set—whilst on the third savants of the most polished learning might have been seen in his rooms.

But whatever his political opinions might have been, whatever his schemes, whatever his intrigues, he proved his title to French recognition by fighting in the streets in the very front rank, on those days of February '48 when Louis Philippe was chased from Paris, and by working night and day in the hospitals afterwards.

During the fighting which just had ended, he sided neither with Red nor with bourgeois, and left not his room for a moment. Those who knew him stared.

"What?" said they. "Adams, who, like the famous war-horse, sniffs the battle from afar, can stay in his house, and not pant to smell powder?"

It was indeed strange to them that he should deny himself the invigorating enjoyment of a set fight. Fame credited him with participation in half a dozen forlorn hopes, and with as many hair-breadth escapes. People said that he loved fighting for the sake of the mental and physical exercise it gave him, but in this case both pistol and sword had remained untouched.

When Hélène fainted in his arms, Adams carried her to his sitting-room and laid her down on the sofa. A single glance and a quick grip of the wrist assured him that consciousness would in a few moments return.

He opened his window and admitted a current of fresh air. Then he sat himself down by Hélène's side, and waited quietly.

"Poor Jean died then, as he lived, game to the end," he said to himself, "a fitting close to a restless and mistaken career. Revenge as a purpose in life is always a mistake. The benefits it brings can only be reaped by others; all risks come straight home. Poor Jean's life and death are a sorrowful example."

He rose and walked up and down the room, gazing on the ground in front of him as though intent there to find the solution of an enigma.

"Woman was intended to rule man," he said to himself, "and I want a woman who can rule man. I have tried to find one and failed. Such a one has to be trained, schooled in her purpose in life as a child is in its A B C." He looked at the girl lying pale and unconscious on the sofa, and smiled.

"Here is one who will serve. The school from which she comes was a proper preparation ground for my more academic teaching. She will be handsome when she grows

Mr. Henry Herman is well-known to readers of fiction for his stirring stories. He authorises us to say that he considers "Woman, the Mystery" the most powerful he has yet written.

to womanhood. Her mind is simple and supple. It will bend to my precepts like a reed. Tall, too, and the figure will develop with time. Yes, she will be handsome, and I know those eyes of her. They were given her to enchain men.

"Ah, Gaston," he added to himself, "this is worth all the rest of the paltry intrigues. She is about seventeen now. Six or eight years of my training will fit her to send men to the scaffold or to rule kings."

Hélène opened her eyes and looked about her in a vague astonishment.

She rose, gazing fixedly at Adams. The strain on her nerves had been so intense that she remembered not for the moment who he was nor how she had come there, and as he approached she shrank back on the sofa with a half-stifled cry.

"You don't remember, then?" he said, with a good-humoured smile. "I am Mr. Adams."

She drew a long breath.

"Of course," she whispered. "How foolish of me to be frightened; only for the moment I did not recollect."

With the thought of where she was the memory of her loss sprang upon her for the first time with an overpowering weight, and the tears started to her eyes.

"Poor father!" she sobbed. "And he said he was not my father, but he was my father nevertheless. Poor father!"

Adams knew that Lemure was not Hélène's father, but the old Revolutionist had always kept the girl's paternity a strict secret within his own bosom. Adams thought it was best at that moment to allow her to have her little cry, then he walked to the door and called "Jeannot!"

An elderly woman, with a simple, motherly face, her grey hair topped by the white cambric cap of the French housewife, answered him.

He pointed to Hélène.

"The daughter of an old friend," he said. "Take her to your room and make her comfortable. Take great care of her. When she feels better she can return to me."

Hélène, in the midst of her grief, allowed herself to be led away.

"I promised Jean to take care of her," Adams muttered. "He said that her relatives were intent on ferretting her out. Well, they shall not find her if I can help it. I will keep my word to Jean in that. It suits my purpose as well as his."

At that moment his attention was attracted to an increasing noise in the street, and as he looked out of his window he saw the narrow roadway lined with ambulance stretchers. Hospital attendants, soldiers, and a crowd of other people were streaming into the lower portion of the building. There was an unoccupied bookseller's shop on the ground floor and he could hear somebody hammering and smashing away at the partitions there.

A fresh glance into the street showed him the pavement full of wounded men.

"Oh," he said to himself, "they have made an overflow ward out of the shop below."

He was not long left in doubt, for a ring at his bell summoned him to the door and he found himself face to face with a young man whose shirt-sleeves were rolled up above the elbow, and whose hands, arms, and clothing were soaked in blood.

"We want you, Monsieur Adams," cried the young man. "Professor Lefèvre has asked me to run to you and to beg that you will assist him. The square in front of the hospital is full of wounded and dying men and the yard of the school is covered with them. We do not know where to put them, and we have not hands or eyes or arms enough to attend to them. Come, will you help us?"

"Of course I will," was the ready reply, and without waiting another moment Adams threw off his coat and followed the young surgeon downstairs.

To be continued.

LITTLE INNOCENT: "Which figure in the quadrille do you like best, Mr. Spooner?"

Enamoured Youth: "Yours, Miss Lamberton."

"WHAT is enthusiasm?" asks an exchange.

"Why, my dear fellow, it is that degree of pleasure a man feels when he has the boy across his knee who hit his top-hat with a snowball."

GRADY: "Isn't it odd that the honeymoon should last but a month?"

Rich: "Not so very odd; bills are sent out monthly, you know."

POOR PICKINGS.—Carrie News: "Have you noticed the change that's come over Mr. Dudell lately? Something has been preying on his mind for the last two weeks."

May Cutting: "It surely must be starved by this time, whatever it is."

"FREDDIE, did you go to school, to-day?"

"Yes'm."

"Did you learn anything new?"

"Yes'm."

"What was it, my boy?"

"I learnt a sure way of getting out for an hour by snuffin' red ink up my nose."

IN a London drawing-room recently the hostess said to a comfortable-looking lady, the widow of a wealthy Midland manufacturer, who had been touring during the winter in the sunny South:

"Of course you went to Rome, dear Mrs. Dash?"

"Rome?" replied the widow, vaguely and meditatively. "Did we go to Rome, Ethel?" to her daughter.

"Yes, ma, you know we did—that big place where I bought those lovely stockings."

THE WAYS OF WASPS.

In many parts there is a regular plague of wasps. Here are some interesting facts about these pests.

I know naturalists say that the wasp has really no bloodthirsty designs in our direction, but I have not noticed this myself. Anyway, they always go for me and I always retaliate and slay them wholesale and when they are asleep, if possible. In my opinion, the taking of a wasps' nest is a great and glorious occupation—if you don't get stung.

There are more wasps about this year than ever. But in 1892 there were hardly any to be found. It is easy to understand why, too, if we look into their domestic ways and habits.

At the end of each summer every "waspy," as the village lads call them, who has escaped the avenging hand of man falls into the clutches of death with the exception of the biggest females or self-crowned queens. Now upon these ladies depends the entire responsibility of propagating the species. On the death of their husbands they become torpid, and so manage to survive the cold bleak winter, which kills so many millions of their tribe.

Sometimes as many as 500 of these regal dames are produced in one nest, and if there happen to be a succession of heavy rains, the chances are that the hibernating queens are drowned in their beds. And every female carried off represents a loss of from 10,000 to 30,000 wasps the next season. And so it is easy to understand that a wet winter materially reduces the number of nests for us to take during the ensuing summer.

On the advent of spring every queen who has survived quits her snug quarters and sails out into the open air to select a suitable site for her future home.

By the side of sunny banks she flits searching for apartments. If she cannot find a decent rat hole or other subterranean passage, she starts building on her own account. As soon as the excavations are complete, or the original ones altered and improved to her majesty's taste, the problem of upholstering the establishment presents itself. Off she darts and searches diligently till she finds a tree with rotting bark, or some weather-beaten paling.

Clinging to the wooden fence or the gnarled branches, as the case may be, she strips off scraps of the outside wood and gathers them in bundles, leaving behind her a pale glistening streak wherever she has passed.

She carries the fibre home and then turns it into paper-pulp; for it was Mrs. Wasp who gave us our first lesson in paper-making.

All the odd bits of vegetable matter which have been collected are mashed most carefully, most thoroughly, with a sticky secretion from her mouth, and are then plastered together into a thin film of stucco, which looks for all the world like some crumpled sheet of tissue.

A variable number of combs are connected together with scaffolding, made of this papier maché, and then a strong external wall is built, having two doors. The next operation is to form a pillar riveted to the roof of the cavern, and then the topsy-turvy lady, whose sting is in her tail, not in her mouth, begins at the roof and builds gradually down towards the foundations.

The energetic female does not complete the building of her inimitable walled citadel without assistance; and feeling the want of fellow-workers, she sets to and manufactures some for her own purposes.

Every cell she furnishes with an egg, which, as time goes on, becomes converted into a grub. The maternal duties now interfere considerably with the professional ones, and bring the building operations to a standstill. The queen-builder turns huntress. She leaves her little colony to chase and capture luckless flies and other insects, which she forthwith churns into a palatable mess and retails to the little grubs.

As they are fed up in this way several times a day the ugly grublings soon begin to grow in breadth and stature, until they suddenly burst forth into full-blown wasps, and immediately begin to relieve their mother of her multitudinous duties. When they grow old enough they take the building operations entirely out of her hands and finish the great work she began so gamely.

These new-comers are neither masculine nor feminine, but neuter. They are, above all things, workers, and the mother does not let them forget it either. She allows no laying. She sends them out into all parts of the world to collect food for the younger generations of grublings, and it is when they feel too lazy to suck the flowers and gather honey from the fields that they come into our rooms, drive us from our dinners, and browse on the jam-tarts and the fruit.

As time goes on this champion mother produces more and more grubs, and these in their turn have to build for their prospective brothers, and so the paper mansion grows bigger every day.

Then, as summer draws to a close, the little boy and girl wasps are born. They are rather larger than the genderless workers, and have more spacious cells apportioned out to them as becomes their more exalted position in the colony. The females have a section of the nest to themselves, and are not allowed to mingle with their brothers.

Finally the young ladies and gentlemen break through the barriers which divide them and quit their homes in nuptial flight, which secures the continuance of the species, whilst the poor workers who have fed them and the mother who has tended them so long are left behind to die.

RESULT OF ADDED WORD COMPETITION.

No. 19.

THE word with the highest numerical value was "simultaneously," page 42, column 2, line 15. It totalled up to 206.

Sovereigns have been sent to each of the following five persons:—

James Williams, 14, Eurnia Road, Finsbury Park, London.
Ambrose Jennings, Messenger, Coventry Post-office, 4a, Lamb Street, Coventry.
Miss Nichols, Park Farm, Knivedon, Essex.
R. H. Armstrong, 1, Cyrena Terrace, Goodrich Road, S.E.
Mrs. McIver, Stoke Street, Fortess, Hants.

Pencil-cases have been forwarded to the first twenty-five persons named below, and penknives to the remaining twenty-five:—

Miss Gertrude Baker, 89, Albion Road, Dalston, N.E.; C. A. Walton, Little Chadhurst, Westcott, Dorking; Mrs. Birch, care of Mr. Mason, Mill Lane, Thornton, Leicester; J. Sulps, Guildhall, Norwich; A. Brackenborough, 154, East Street, Walworth; John Gess, 22, Union Street, Kendal; Mrs. Draper, 48, Cornwall Terrace, Stewart's Road, Stratford; L. L. Steele, Boynton, Cambridge; Private Patrick Cornford, Royal Marines, H.M.S. Sidmiss, Dunskaat, Devon; John Allen, 78, Brook Street, Hanley, Staffs; H. Payne, 8, Mount Street, Vale Square, Ramsgate; T. W. Baldock, 23, Spencer Street, Battersea Park, S.W.; Tom Poulson, 8, Brunswick Street, St. Paul's, Bristol; A. Darley, 48, Abbey Road, St. John's Wood, N.W.; John Ball, 14, Harley Street, Barrow-in-Furness; James Hamilton, Bronze Works, Boothtown, Halifax; Miss Evelyn Dux, 1, Plymouth Grove, Manchester; Edward Smith, Bicester House, Bicester, Oxon; T. A. Nathson, Hithe Cottage, Northend Nursery, Erith; G. H. Sykes, Lodge Road, Redditch; Albert Strand, 63, Donnington Road, Reading, Berks; W. Carrington Hark, Band, Royal Horse Guards, Windsor; Chris Jackson, Mayrick Villa, High Road, Willesden; A. E. George, 17, Mealcheapen Street, Worcester; H. E. Dear, 27, St. Helen's Road, Dorchester; Joseph Tyldesley, 27, Oak Street, Didsbury, Manchester; W. G. Cartwright, Upper Bar, Newport, Salop; Miss Lizzie Pomphrey, Bank Villas, Chapel Allerton, Leeds; W. Allsop, Kates Hill, Hadleigh, Suffolk; N. Satterthy, 62, St. Domingo Vale, Everton; John H. Dye, Handicraft School, Chertsey; John Stevenson, 87, High Street, Dundee, Scotland; Mrs. Adderley, Hope Cottage, Datchet; Geo. H. Cossch, 28, Percy Street, W.C.; H. Starke, 9, Iceland Cottages, Upper Vastner; Alan Baker, 44, Pennsylvania, Exeter; G. Russell, 48, Pemberton Street, Llanelly, Carm.; Ernest G. Rodway, 4, St. John's Terrace, Weston-super-Mare; J. H. Molesby, 182, High Street, Tonbridge, Kent; E. Gowler, 24, Regent Street, Gloucester; Arthur Fox, 488, Fulham Road, Walham Green; H. E. Abbott, The Dairy, Ilford, E.; William Quinliven, Scradbally, Queen's Co., Ireland; W. Carpenter, 21, Ledbury Street, Birdin-Bush Road, Peckham; Mrs. C. Whitehead, 23, Hogarth Road, Earl's Court, S.W.; Miss Dixon, Moorfields Hospital, Bloomfield Street, E.C.; C. Brown, 22, Greyhound Lane, Streatham Common, S.W.; J. W. Price, 11, Lyndhurst Terrace, Bath; J. McCember, 27, Wilmount Street, Plumstead, Kent; E. Thorn, Birch Vale, near Stockport.

DEMONSTRATIVENESS is the word to be made with the letters contained in "Save Tom's Dinner set."

Clocks have been sent to the following five persons:—

Miss Ada Parkes, 22, Albert Road Hill, Southampton.
Mrs. A. Deeson, 34, Gibson Square, Islington, N.
Thomas Jackson, 12, Edward Street, Stockport.
H. Toon, 11, Chesham Street, Leamington Spa.
A. S. Badger, South Shore, Blackpool.

And Penknives to:—

F. Bacon, 8, Cosmo Place, Queen Square, W.C.; E. Stephens, 16, Adams Row, Walsall; Miss M. Barling, 22, Great Western Road, Bayswater, W.; J. Karney, The Lodge, Brompton Hospital; S. W. Page, Fair Close Road, Beccles, Suffolk; Harvey Keen, 14, Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C.; Mr. Dupere, 17, Christ Church Street, East Greenwich; Miss Allison, Westfield Villa, Barton-on-Humber, Lincolnshire; W. Jeffreys, 83, Chilton Street, Rotherhithe; H. Moulds, 19, Bright Street, Darlington; H. Field, 10, Bank Terrace, Blythe, Northumberland; T. Marsden, 22, Ridley Street, West Hartlepool; Miss. A. L. Mydon, 17, Riverside, Bridgwater, Somerset; T. Scear, 11a, Broad Street, Nottingham; A. Stokes, 8, Dora Road, Small Heath, Birmingham; A. Reid, 4, Banks Terr., Sheerness-on-Sea; A. Daniels, 58, Nightingale Road, Harlesden; Miss H. Kenny, 83, Blessington Terrace, Drumsondra, Dublin; G. Hantville, 22, Balmain Street, Totterdown, Bristol; Miss Eva Smith, 189, Maida Vale, W.; Mrs. Dermott, 213, Old Street, Shoreditch; Jas. Paice, 128, Alscot Rd., Bermondsey; G. Petty, 21, Howley Rd., Croydon; T. Patterson, 128, Sidney Grove, Newcastle-on-Tyne; C. Wilkins, 1, Hexley Road, Crayford, Kent; James Hall, 28, Hotham Place, Devonport; Sergt. H. Payne, 2nd East Yorks Regiment, Chipping Camp, Lancashire; R. W. Pardige, Thornedens, Gilbert Road, St. Leonards; C. F. Nunn, The Lion Tea Co., Ltd., Muscovy Court, Tower Hill, E.C.; Geo. K. Stubbs, 37, Hollins Road, Macclesfield; F. J. Burgess, 23, White Street, Pennywell Road, Bristol; Miss Amy Hawkins, 12, Dover Mansions, Brixton, S.W.; E. Jefferson, Friar Gate, Derby; Miss Emma Jones, 60, Lower Church Lane, Tipton, Staffs; H. G. Wilkins, 21, Knowles Hill Crescent, Lewisham, S.E.; G. Oakes, 3, Rutland Park, Perry Hill, Catford, S.E.; J. Turner, Girlington, Bradford, Yorks; Miss G. H. Avery, International College, Alderley Road, S.E.; W. Jones, 13, Darwin Street, Old Kent Road, S.E.; S. E. Grypenhelm, Beaumont Villa, Quadrant Road, Cannonbury; F. H. Sheath, 1, St. John's Villas, Richmond, Surrey; J. Crabb, 7, Angel Court, Strand, W.C.; Mrs. Lee, 83, Thurlow Street, Walworth; U. Donaldson, 27, Ferrers Road, Edinburgh; E. Sims, Bartholomew Street, Newbury; Alex. Coote, Royal Aquarium, Westminster; F. Heales, 4, Edward Street, Sheerness; B. Tracey, Milton Cottage, Milton Road, Caterham, Surrey; Miss A. Hall, 82, Warwick Square, S.W.; Miss Margaret Moir, 259, Springburn Road, Glasgow.

"I DID my tailor a favour to-day," remarked Radley.

"What was it?" inquired Badley. "Introduced a paying customer to him?"

"No. I got this suit made and charged at another establishment."

SHE: "You know, Reggie, that girls are being called by the names of flowers now, and my sister suggested that I should be called Thistle."

Reggie: "Oh, yes, I see; because you are so sharp?"

She: "Oh, no; she said it was because a donkey loved me."

YOUNGER BROTHER: "Nellie, if you lived in the days of Ananias and Sapphira, you would have been dead long ago."

Nellie (indignantly): "I am sure, Bobby, I never told what wasn't true in my life. How can you be so unkind!"

Younger Brother: "Why, they lived about one thousand eight hundred years ago. You wouldn't have hung on as long as this, would you?"

A BOOK recently published is called "Scottish Life and Character," by Pearson. This book has been honoured by a criticism in THE NINETEENTH CENTURY, written by Sir Alfred Lyall. Mr. Gladstone has been reading it lately, and is much interested in it. There is a story being told in the lobby of the House of Commons that the Premier said to his colleague, Mr. Campbell-Bannerman, "I have been reading a most interesting book by Pearson."

To which Mr. Campbell-Bannerman replied, "Oh, yes, *Pearson's Weekly*; I always take it in."

The last par on column 3 is rather good, isn't it?

FICTION.

A GRAND SCHEME.—The sun had just set, and twilight floated serenely in on viewless wings.

"Oh, this is divinely beautiful!" we soliloquised, as we puffed our cigarette indolently.

At that moment our attention was called to a man who approached us, and opened a conversation with the remark:

"May I trouble you for a light?"

"Certainly," we replied, extending our cigarette.

"Ah, this is luxury!" he continued; "but I am going to get up something that will just knock the spots out of a cigar!"

He was silent for a moment, and, just as we were about to address him, he continued:

"Yes, I'm agoin' to revolutionise things. I'm getting up the biggest scheme ever heard of!"

We were on the point of asking him some questions about the plan which, if carried out, was to be of such especial benefit to mankind; but he anticipated our intentions, and exclaimed:

"You shall know all!"

"You see," he commenced. "I want to accumulate a fortune, and I am going to do it. After awhile, smoking is going to cost only, on an average, twopence a day. This is my plan: I'm going to have great furnaces in some central locality. The furnaces are to be kept going all the time, and the only fuel used will be tobacco.

"Each furnace is to burn a different brand, and tubes will be run to the residences of patrons, who, when they desire to smoke, will only be obliged to go over to the wall, take hold of the tube, turn the handle, and smoke to their heart's content.

"Over each tube will be marked the brand of the tobacco. Just think of it, being able to have a smoke without being compelled to strike a match! Besides, nobody can borrow your tobacco. I tell you, it's the biggest thing ever heard of. You shall have a tube running to your house for nothing."

He paused for a moment, and then continued: "I had my pocket picked this afternoon, and, if you'll lend me enough to take me home, I'll——"

He didn't finish his sentence, for we rushed into the crowd and managed to escape.

MAKING HOME LIVELY.—A writer in one of the magazines advocates a reform in the home circle. He says there are parents who are the life of every company they enter, but at home are dull and silent.

If they have not mental stores sufficient for both places, he recommends that they give home the preference. A silent home, he says, is a dull place for young people, from which they will escape if they can; but how much of unconscious but excellent mental training is given in lively social argument!

The magazine containing this essay fell into the hands of Mr. Barbary the other morning. Mr. Barbary has a family consisting of a wife and two children equally divided among the sexes.

On the way home to dinner he conned over in his mind a suitable subject for a lively social argument with his wife. There were an abundance of topics suggested, but they were not all suitable for the mental sustenance of his boy and girl.

It must be something that could be taken within the calibre of their minds, and something that would improve as well as entertain. Mr. Barbary thought very hard upon this matter. There were the Home Rule Bill, and the Siam business, and temperance, and a host of other things, political, social, and scientific, but nothing that struck him as just right. Mr. Barbary grew more and more absorbed, and bent his brain rigidly toward the point in hand, but nothing would come of it.

Mr. Barbary need not have taken all this trouble in preparation. A subject was in waiting in embryo for him. There was no lack of subjects, as it afterwards transpired. Like in many other pursuits, that which we have looked for afar off subsequently is discovered to have been right under our hand.

Mr. Barbary entered the house with a strong determination to inaugurate a reform, although he was not at all certain as to the steps leading up to it. Mrs. Barbary was laying the table for the occasion. There was a smile on his face; a smile got up expressly for the occasion, and quite a success in its way.

Mrs. Barbary saw the smile on her husband's face. At the same time she detected something else. In fact, it may be said that Mrs. Barbary took in both extremes of his person at once. She was a tired woman, as women are apt to be at this hour. She said:

"What on earth do you mean, lugging a bushel of mud into the house? Can't you see the mat?"

Now Mr. Barbary could have seen the mat, and would have seen and used it had not his mind been so closely engrossed in seeking for a topic for a lively argument.

He was conscious that he had done no wrong, still he felt that he might consistently give up the smile, as it appeared to be of no particular use at the present juncture. So his face straightened as he stepped hastily back to the door to cleanse his boots.

"Sakes alive! Why don't you shut that door?" screamed Mrs. Barbary.

"What's the use of yelling like that?" he demanded, as he stepped inside and closed the door.

"What's the use of being so stupid, then?" she retorted.

Mr. Barbary made no reply. The smile had gone entirely from his face. Her eyes snapped. Mr. Barbary looked at her, and silently rubbed his head. He was evidently reaching out for something suitable to a lively, social argument, without being strongly buoyed up with a hope of securing it.

The boy and girl were sitting on a couch, looking stolidly at nothing in particular. Their young lives were drifting slowly but surely into an arid waste. Mr. Barbary sighed. If he could only think of something. His face brightened up suddenly.

"Martha," he exclaimed, addressing his wife.

"Well!"

It was a very simple word, but it came from his wife's lips so short and hard that Mr. Barbary felt as if it were a hydraulic hammer under which he had mysteriously got himself. His courage sank, but a glance at the blank faces of his children nerved him up for the trial.

"Do you know what I was just thinking of?"

"I know what you weren't thinking of, and that's of more consequence," she answered. "You weren't thinking that there's a scuttle of coal to be got up."

With a groan Mr. Barbary seized the scuttle and bolted down to the cellar after the coal. The occupation served in a measure to restore his composure, and when he returned he was ready, although in a modified spirit, to take up the topic.

"I was thinking, Martha——"

"Well, sit down to the table, and let's have dinner," unceremoniously broke in Mrs. Barbary. "I've got a pile of work to do this afternoon. Did you order the firewood?"

"I declare I forgot all about it."

"Humph, you'd forget your head if it wasn't screwed on," commented Mrs. Barbary.

This stung Mr. Barbary.

"Don't you suppose I've got something else to think of beside firewood?"

"There, lose your temper, why don't you?" retorted the injured companion of his joys and sorrows.

"Well, what's the use of your throwing things in my face?"

"Well, you're polite, I must say!" observed Mrs. Barbary, with lofty sarcasm.

Mr. Barbary started up from the table, exasperated beyond the bounds of reason.

"A man might as well eat in the wilds of Africa as eat here!" he savagely asserted. "I was going to tell you about something, but now I'll be hanged if I do, and the children may drift into idiocy for all I care!"

And he rushed out of the house, slamming the door with such force as to make the dishes rattle, and leaving Mrs. Barbary appalled by the dark mystery of his closing words.

There is no doubt that Mr. Barbary meant well. His mistake was, we think, in failing to secure in advance the co-operation of his wife.

THE CAPTAIN: "Given him a feed, Jinx?"

Groom: "Cert'nly, Captain. When gen'lmen calls on the master, I allus look arter their 'osses. Lor', bless yer, Captain, I'd no sooner think o' forgettin' a gen'lman's 'oss than a gen'lman'd think o' forgettin' me!"

And the Captain, who has a reputation for meanness, this time can't get out of it.

THE INCONSTANT.

I.

A PRETTY girl,
A winter night,
A moon—
Impassioned fellow,
A gentle word,
A solemn vow,
A kiss—
And all is well, oh!

II.

Again the girl,
Another night,
Same moon—
Thus far 'tis well, oh!
But if we took
Another look
We'd see—
Another fellow!

RESULT OF CONTENTS BILL COMPETITION.

THE bills are, on the whole, hardly so good as those received in our last competition, but still some original and, at times, distinctly brilliant ideas have cropped up.

The first prize of two guineas has been awarded to:—

Mr. Osburn Blackburn, 7, Parkside Terrace, St. Leonard's, Edinburgh, N.B.

The second of one guinea to:—

Mr. George Anderson, 7, Lower Morley Road, Barking, E.

FACTS.

INDIA has 132,000 lepers.

AN adult perspires twenty-eight ounces in twenty-four hours.

JULIUS CÆSAR was the first man to put his own image on a coin.

MORE suicides occur in June than in any other month, and fewer in December.

THE largest apes have only sixteen ounces of brain; the lowest men have thirty-nine.

AFTER very great financial stress there is a marked increase in the number of insane.

ARTIFICIAL grass for the grounds of seaside cottages is one of the industries of Manchester.

ONE of the most sacred spots in the Holy Land is being disfigured by advertisements of Dublin Stout!

IN Scotland the commonest name is found to be Smith; Macdonald holds the second place, and Brown the third.

DEW has a preference for some colours. While a yellow board attracts dew, a red or black one beside it will be perfectly dry.

A WOMAN'S corsets, worn with only the average degree of tightness, exert a pressure of forty pounds on the organs they compress.

THERE are eight members of the House of Commons who, by residence and business connection, may be counted as Australians.

THE marriage rate of Germany rose ten per cent. in the year following the Franco-Prussian war. The same phenomenon was observed after the French war, which ended in 1815.

ACCORDING to a report by the French Minister of Finance, 148,808 families in France have claimed exemption from certain taxes recently voted by the Parliament, on account of having seven or more children.

ALL vessels have to pay twopence to the Trinity authorities for each lighthouse or lightship which they pass when sailing round the coast of the U. K. A few years ago the tariff was eighteenpence for each lighthouse passed.

OWING to sea freight, expensive landing, carriage after arrival at port of delivery, the coals consumed at the Kimberly diamond mines, South Africa, become the most costly on record—the average price per ton being £20. These coals originally cost at the pit mouth about 10s.

WITHIN sight of the station at Atherstone, on the London and North-Western Railway, there is to be seen an enormous earthenware jug, the largest in the world. This capacious article was manufactured at the Potteries, Church Gresley, over fifty years ago. Its holding capacity, when full, is 150 quarts, and it is so large that a man can sit inside it. It now rests over the front door of a china, glass, and earthenware warehouse.

THE Gloucestershire Regiment (the old 29th Foot) wear the regimental badge on both the back and front of their helmets, a privilege which was earned in the Egyptian campaign early in the present century. The 29th was hotly engaged in front, and, at the same time, was suddenly attacked in rear. The rear rank faced about and met, and successfully resisted, the fresh onset; hence the symbolical manner of wearing the badges.

THE following explanation is given of the origin of the practice by British military officers of appearing in mufti when off duty. The reason officers do not constantly wear uniform is that once, in a time of absurd irritation that this country should possess so large a standing army, the Duke of Wellington ordered all officers to wear plain clothes when not on duty, so that no one could point to the well-dressed defenders of our country and tremble at their numbers.

I hereby certify that the premium in respect of PEARSON'S WEEKLY £1,000 RAILWAY INSURANCE, and also of the GENERAL ACCIDENT INSURANCE has been paid up to Aug. 25th, 1893, and that therefore every purchaser of PEARSON'S WEEKLY is insured with this Company against Fatal Railway Accident to the extent of ONE THOUSAND POUNDS under the conditions named in the coupon on page 71, and against all General Accidents, to the extent and under the conditions named in the coupon on page 72.

Secretary of the Ocean Accident & Guarantee Corporation, Limited

"GREAT TOWNS COMPETITION."—Mr. J. Robinson, of 109, Hockley Hill, Birmingham, writes: "Accept my best thanks for the beautiful etching, 'Lingering Day,' by E. C. Rost, which I received as a successful competitor in your Great Towns Competition. The picture is really a present to be proud of, and quite exceeded my expectations both in etching and framing, it is a work of art which would not be out of place in any gentleman's home. The day after I received your present, by a strange coincidence, I saw an etching by the same artist and exactly like mine in all respects, marked at the price you say your prizes are worth, viz, one guinea."

BIG BUSINESSES.

No. XIV.

THE SANITAS COMPANY, LTD.

I was hardly outside Bethnal Green Station when a pungent but by no means disagreeable odour encountered me. I had no need to "ask a policeman" my way to the Sanitas Company, for the scent was so true that—to use a vulgarism—I had only to follow my nose. It is what people call a refreshing smell, not a disagreeable one like that of carbolic acid, and so pleasant and invigorating that by the time I had found my way into the private office of Mr. C. T. Kingzett, the managing director of the concern, I had acquired fresh energies for the task that lay before me.

The origin of Sanitas preparations and appliances forms an interesting narrative. They are the outcome of Mr. Kingzett's own investigations into the chemistry of essential oils, about which he has published many papers and a book bearing the title of "Nature's Hygiene." Like many other discoverers, he began by communicating the results of his work to the learned societies, but he had, for a long time, no idea of turning them to commercial account.

For many years now doctors have been in the habit of sending patients with lung and chest complaints to undergo a cure in the pine forests. In America it is quite the rage for parties to camp out in them for a time, while such places as Arcachon and Bournemouth owe most of their popularity to their pine-trees.

The eucalyptus or blue gum tree has an even greater celebrity for its health-giving properties. It is known in many strange lands as "the fever-destroying tree," and it is a fact that in marshy districts, near eucalyptus forests, fevers are practically unknown. This is attributed to the aromatic vapours which emanate from the trees and the preservative powers of the branches and leaves which fall upon the marshy soils. The trees are to be found in large quantities all over Australia.

Mr. Kingzett set himself the task of ascertaining the precise nature of the health-giving qualities of pine and eucalyptus forests, and in connection with this study experimented on the influence of air and oxygen upon a number of different essential oils, including turpentine, carraway, juniper, and eucalyptus. He noted that all these oils, but most of all turpentine, had the power of absorbing oxygen. It was more than mere absorption—that is to say, more than a mere mixture of the oxygen and the oil. The oxygen entered into combination with it, forming a new substance.

"Imagine a great forest of pines, as may be found in America or Russia, or of eucalyptus," Mr. Kingzett said to me, "such as you may find in Australia. From every leaf and twig, at every moment of the day and night, essential oils are being volatilised. What becomes of that oil thus placed in contact with atmospheric moisture and atmospheric oxygen? It is acted upon in a chemical sense, just, for instance, as is turpentine or other essential oil when exposed to a current of air in the presence of water. That is what goes on gradually by the process of nature in a pine-forest, and that is also precisely what we do on a more concentrated scale, and a good deal more rapidly, in our works.

"We float turpentine, eucalyptus, and camphor, or other essential oils on water, and expose them to a blast of warm air. This blast continues without stopping for some hundreds of hours, with the result of producing 'Sanitas Fluid,' while what was turpentine or eucalyptus oil, or camphor oil, or all three, is turned into 'Sanitas Oil.'"

The chief materials used in the Sanitas preparations are turpentine, oil of eucalyptus, and camphor oil. The valuable properties of these—the raw materials—are already well known, but Mr. Kingzett claims for his preparations that their properties are infinitely superior. These products are, in the main, Sanitas Fluid and Sanitas Oil. The first of these is stated by its manufacturers—and their statement has been endorsed by thousands of physicians and surgeons—to be "the most perfect disinfecting fluid which science has placed at our disposal," whilst Sanitas Oil is very properly described as "Nature's own remedy for the treatment of all lung and throat affections."

The Sanitas preparations are fatal to all disease germs, and, used as spray and by judicious fumigation and inhalation, may be relied upon as safeguards even in time of epidemics. Dr. Griffiths, a well-known bacteriologist, has recently made an exhaustive investigation, the results of which prove the truth of this claim. His plan was to place the microbes of various maladies in each of the substances which he was investigating, then to remove them and place them in a nourishing medium. If they do not grow, there is no doubt that they have been destroyed.

Experiments of this kind and others, conducted with Sanitas oil, proved that the microbe of scarlet fever was destroyed in ten seconds, that of consumption in twenty-five seconds, that of diphtheria in twenty-eight seconds, that of typhoid fever in thirty seconds, and that of cholera in forty-three seconds. With Sanitas Fluid practically the same results were obtained, the time required for destruction of the germs being somewhat longer. Other experiments proved the fumigating (germicidal) power of the vapour of Sanitas Oil in ordinary dwelling rooms.

The number of microbes present in three gallons of air was ascertained in the usual way, both before and after fumigation. In the first experiment, there were 125 microbes before fumigating, 71 after five minutes' fumigation, 12 after twelve minutes, and none after thirty minutes. In another experiment there were 118 before fumigating, 60 after five minutes, 9 after twelve minutes, and 3 after thirty minutes.

"I am convinced," said Mr. Kingzett to me, "that an immense saving of life may be effected by the general use of the Sanitas preparations. Take pneumonia, for instance. It is brought about by germs in the lungs, nose, etc., and you have only to introduce something capable of killing those germs in order to save life. In diphtheria, too, the patient is killed by the local development of bacterial life, and the products thereof resulting in the formation of what is known as a "false membrane" in the throat. The application of Sanitas Oil destroys all these things, and neutralises all the baneful effects. More than 100,000 lives are lost annually in the United Kingdom from infectious or contagious diseases. Most of these lives could and would be saved by the regular use in every household of the Sanitas disinfectants."

I was taken into a large factory containing a great number of oxidisers in which the Sanitas preparations were being made. They were rather like the jars in which the forty thieves are stowed away in the pantomime. I saw about forty of them at work, and was privileged to inspect the process as it is conducted, and to sniff the pungent odour of the oils.

Mr. Kingzett explained to me in detail the process which goes on inside the oxidisers, which are charged with essential oils and water in varying proportions. This warm air is pumped in night and day during some hundreds of hours, the contents being maintained at a temperature of about sixty degrees; and as soon as one charge is finished the oxidisers are filled up again, and the process recommences. Of course there are other supplementary chemical processes and treatments of the raw products, the details of which would be without interest to our readers.

I was subsequently taken all round the other departments, which were neither more nor less interesting than factories usually are. In one room they were grinding fragrant gums for the purpose of making Sanitas Emulsions. In another department the manufacture of soft soaps and veterinary washes were being conducted. In yet another room many girls were washing bottles, filling and corking them, and sticking on labels and doing up parcels.

Mr. Kingzett drew my attention to some ingenious corks of his own invention, which are sent out with the well-known shilling bottles of Sanitas Disinfecting Fluid. Put in on one side they stop up the bottle in the ordinary way; put in reversed, however, they permit the contents of the bottle to be measured out or sprinkled about by means of two little channels at the side.

Another novelty which I was shown was the "Sanitas Water-cart Block." It consists of Sanitas embodied in a highly concentrated (solid) state, and is intended to be placed inside water-carts so that the water, as it is discharged on to the roads, may disinfect the streets.

The Sanitas Company has done useful service by distributing literature dealing with sanitary science, including some "plain directions" for preventing the spread of infectious or contagious diseases. It is true that most of these "plain directions" refer to the use of Sanitas preparations in one form or another—that is right and proper—but they are none the less useful in making known some of the elementary rules of health, and, after all, the directions would apply equally well to the application of other disinfectants.

A special leaflet has been prepared for distribution in case cholera should make its appearance over here, but, in order to avoid all risk of a scare, they will not be sent out in the meanwhile. I am informed that the Sanitas Company are the largest manufacturers of disinfectants in the world, with their affiliated factory in New York, and that more bottles of their shilling disinfectant are sent out every year than those of any other disinfectants.

The company supply the majority of the Boards of Health and sanitary authorities in the United Kingdom, most of the workhouses and hospitals, they are contractors to the Admiralty and to the Crown Agents for the Colonies, besides which they do business with the India Office and many foreign municipalities, etc., etc.

"To what do you attribute this extraordinary success?" I asked Mr. Kingzett.

"Well," he replied, "in the first place 'Sanitas' does what is professed of it, and in the second place it is agreeable, fragrant, and does not poison or stain. Lastly, I started the business with the determination of succeeding, and, as you know, I have succeeded."

I have been afforded an opportunity of forming a personal opinion upon the various preparations of the Company, with the result that my room has been redolent of all the odours of the Australian forests ever since.

First comes the Sanitas Disinfecting Fluid, which is of a light straw colour, and has a less strong odour than some of the other preparations. A treatise upon this fluid says: "Whether an illness be infectious or not, the patient cannot but be benefited and pleased with the delicious balsamic odour which will carry his thoughts and dreams away to green woods and forests till he may fancy he hears the very songs of the wild birds."

Sheets steeped in this magic fluid and hung up materially assist to isolate infectious cases; but better still it is to spray it about the sick-room. A wineglassful in a pint of water makes a health-giving wash for the sick, and in the bath it is a luxury which, when once tried, will never be given up. "Surely," exclaims my imaginative pamphleteer, jumping to conclusions with more than usual boldness—"surely King David of old used a similar bath to enable him to walk through pestilence all unscathed?" This versatile fluid is also recommended for use in the finger-glasses at dessert, to keep dogs in good health, and to defend plants against dangerous insects.

"Sanitas Oil," "Sanitas Disinfecting Fluid," and "Sanitas Soap"—to name a few of this firm's many excellent preparations—are each in their way admirable.

As Mr. Kingzett boasted, whatever else they may be the Sanitas Company are at any rate go-ahead. They are constantly bringing out new preparations adapted to some new purposes, and Mr. Kingzett's inventive ingenuity is thus kept constantly employed. Indeed, it is safe to say that whatever credit may be due for the dissemination of the Sanitas preparations must be attributed chiefly, if not entirely, to his zeal and intrepidity.

The Sanitas works occupy about an acre, and give employment to quite a large number of hands, all of whom are well paid and devoted to the interests of the business and its principal, Mr. C. T. Kingzett.

The last-named gentleman was not always in business, and he is equally well known as a scientific chemist, and the author of a number of standard works bearing upon the alkali trade, the chemistry of the human body, and hygiene. He gave up analytical practice some sixteen years ago to develope his "Sanitas" and other patents, and during all that time he has personally conducted the business, and superintended all its departments, even to the advertisements, which are planned and carried out personally. That he is a very busy man goes without saying.

WHO ARE OUR LEGISLATORS?

The House of Commons to-day is a very different assembly to what it was even a few years ago. Then it was a club almost exclusively reserved for the wealthy and well born; now it is the most cosmopolitan body of legislators in existence. A glance at its present constituents will give an idea of the sort of men who rule the country's destinies.

In the House of Commons there are no fewer than seventy-eight persons who at some time in their lives have been actively connected with the legal profession. In point of numbers the retired soldiers come next, there being forty-three representatives of the army who confine their deeds of gallantry to the Lower House. Manufacturers and merchants are present in great numbers, while there are nearly a score engaged in the shipping trade.

Beer and spirits are well represented by eighteen members. Of newspaper proprietors there are thirteen, and fourteen others are known to write for the Press. Ten belong to the medical profession, and fifteen are bankers.

Coming to smaller numbers, there are four farmers, two accountants, two drapers, two hotel-keepers, and several in the grocery business. There is one artisan, one druggist, an omnibus maker, and one bazaar owner, while another devotes his attention to oysters.

Mr. George Howell, M.P., was once a bricklayer, while Sir William Marriott remembers the time when he was a curate; Mr. W. H. Grenfell boasts of having rowed across the Channel and having twice swum Niagara; Mr. T. Shaw is the son of a baker; Alderman Coldwells was once a gardener at 18s. a week, and Mr. Molloy is private chamberlain to the Pope.

Samuel Woods is the son of a pitman, and worked in the pit when he was seven years of age; Mr. Sexton was a clerk when he was thirteen; Major Jones was once a farm hand; Mr. J. Wilson is the son of a grocer; Keir Hardie worked underground from the age of eight until he was twenty-four; Mr. Hayden is the son of a blacksmith; Mr. J. H. Wilson once kept a dining room in Sunderland, and Mr. Pickard graduated in the pits when he was twelve years of age.

Mr. J. F. X. O'Brien has been sentenced to be hanged, drawn, and quartered, but the sentence was commuted to one of penal servitude for life. Despite this fact he is still in daily attendance at St. Stephen's. The Right Hon. W. L. Jackson, ex-Chief Secretary for Ireland, often worked as a lad for two and a half hours before breakfast in a tan yard; Mr. Munro-Fergusson joined the army when he was fifteen.

A Dangerous Man.—Bunting: "Why are you fellows always dodging Bloobumper?"

Larkins: "His first baby has just commenced to talk."

A noiseless roller-skate has been invented. There is probably no device that will make noiseless the man who uses such skates the first time, and sits down on the back of his head with his legs shooting heavenward. Nothing but death.

The illustrations in "Short Stories" are amongst the most beautiful published in the weekly Press.

THE ANGEL OF THE REVOLUTION.

A TALE OF THE COMING TERROR.

CHAPTER LXII. (*continued.*)

When the Ambassador of the Federation had been presented to the Council, the King rose in his place and handed to him with his own hands a sealed letter, saying as he did so:

"Mr. Mazanoff, I am still to a great extent in ignorance as to the inexplicable combination of events which has made it necessary for me to return this affirmative answer to the message of which you are the bearer. I am, however, fully aware that the Earl of Alanmere, whose name I have seen at the foot of this document with the most profound astonishment, is in a position to do what he says.

"The course of events has been exactly that which he predicted. I know, too, that, whatever causes may have led him to unite himself to those known as the Terrorists, he is an English nobleman and a man to whom falsehood or bad faith is absolutely impossible. In your marvellous aerial fleet I know also that he wields the only power capable of being successfully opposed to those terrible machines which have wrought such havoc upon the fleets and armies not only of Britain, but of Europe.

"After all, the first duty of a Contitutional King is not to himself and his dynasty, but to his country and his people, and therefore I feel that it will be better for me and mine to be citizens of a free Federation of the English-speaking peoples, and of the nations to which Britain has given birth, than the titular sovereign and Royal family of a conquered country, holding the mockery of Royalty on the sufferance of their conquerors.

"Tell Lord Alanmere from me that I now accept the terms he has offered as President of the Anglo-Saxon Federation, first, because at all hazards I would see Britain delivered from her enemies, and, secondly, because I have chosen rather to be an English gentleman without a crown, than to wear a crown which after all would only be a gift from my conquerors."

Edward VII. spoke with visible emotion, but with a dignity which even Mazanoff, little and all as he respected the name of king, felt himself compelled to recognise and respect. He took the letter with a bow that was more one of reverence than of courtesy, and as he put it into the breast-pocket of his coat he said:

"The President will receive your Majesty's reply with as genuine pleasure and satisfaction as I shall give it to him. Though I am a Russian without a drop of English blood in my veins I have always looked upon the British race as the real bulwark of freedom, and I rejoice that the King of England has not permitted either tradition or personal feeling to stand in the way of the last triumph of the Anglo-Saxon race.

"As long as the English language is spoken your Majesty's name will be held in greater honour for this sacrifice which you make to-day than will that of any other English king for the greatest triumph of arms ever achieved in the history of your country.

"I must now take my leave, for I must be in New York to-morrow night. I have your word that I shall not be watched or followed after I leave here. Hold the city for six days more at all costs, and on the seventh at the latest the siege shall be raised and the enemies of Britain destroyed in their own entrenchments."

So saying, the envoy of the Federation bowed once more to the King and the astonished members of his council, and was escorted to the door.

Once in the street he strode away rapidly through Parliament Street and the Strand, then up Drury Lane, until he reached the door of a mean-looking house in a squalid court, and entering this with a latch key, disappeared. In half an hour he emerged a seedy, half-starved looking individual, muffled from head to heel in a long shabby ulster, and made his way northward by Gray's Inn Road towards Chalk Farm.

Three hours later a Russian soldier of the line, wearing an almost imperceptible knot of red ribbon in one of the button-holes of his tunic, passed through the Russian lines on Hampstead Heath unchallenged by the sentries, and made his way northward to Northaw Wood, which he reached soon after nightfall.

Within half-an-hour the *Ithuriel* rose from the midst of a thick clump of trees like a grey shadow rising into the night, and darted southward and upward at such a speed that the keenest eyes must soon have lost sight of her from the earth.

She passed over the beleaguered city at a height of nearly ten thousand feet, and then swept sharply round to the eastward. She stopped immediately over the lights of Sheerness, and descended to within a thousand feet of the dock in which could be seen the detachment of the French submarine vessels lying waiting to be sent on their next errand of destruction.

As soon as those on board her had made out the dock clearly she ascended a thousand feet and went about half a mile to the southward. From that position she poured a rapid hail of shells into the dock which was instantly transformed into a cavity vomiting green flame and fragments of iron and human bodies. In five minutes nothing was left of the dock or its contents but a churned-up swamp of muddy water and shattered stone-work.

Then, her errand so far accomplished, the air-ship sped away to the south-westward, and within an hour she had destroyed in like fashion the submarine squadron in the Government dock at Portsmouth, and was winging her way westward to New York with the reply of the King of England to the President of the Federation.

CHAPTER LXIII.

THE EVE OF ARMAGEDDON.

When the news of the destruction of the two divisions of the submarine squadron reached the headquarters of the League on the evening of the 29th, it would have been difficult to say whether anger or consternation most prevailed among the leaders. A council of war was hurriedly summoned to discuss an event which it was impossible to look upon as anything less than a calamity.

The destruction which had been wrought was of itself disastrous enough, for it deprived the League of the chief means by which it had destroyed the British Fleet and kept command of the sea. But even more terrible than the actual destruction was the unexpected suddenness with which the blow had been delivered.

For five months, that is to say from the recapture of the *Lucifer* at Aberdeen, the Czar and his coadjutors had seen nothing of the operations of the Terrorists, and now, without a moment's warning, this apparently omnipresent and yet almost invisible force had struck once more with irresistible effect, and instantly vanished back into the mystery out of which it had come.

Who could tell when the next blow would fall, or in what shape the next assault would be delivered? In the presence of such enemies, invisible and unreachable, the commanders of the League, to their rage and disgust, felt themselves, on the eve of their supreme victory, as impotent as a man armed with a sword would have felt in front of a Gatling gun.

Consternation naturally led to divided councils. The French and Italian commanders were for an immediate general assault on London at all hazards, and the enforcement of terms of surrender at the point of the sword. The Czar, on the other hand, insisted on the pursuance of the original policy of reduction by starvation, as he rightly considered that, great as the attacking force was, it would be practically swamped amidst the infuriated millions of the besieged, and that, even if the assault were successful, the loss of life would be so enormous that the conquest of the rest of Britain—which in such a case would almost certainly rise to a man—would be next door to impossible.

He, however, so far yielded as to agree to send a message to the King of England to arrange terms of surrender, if possible at once, in order to save further bloodshed, and then, if these terms were rejected, to prepare for a general assault on the seventh day from then.

These terms were accepted as a compromise, and the next morning the bombardment ceased both from the land batteries and the air. At daybreak on the 30th an envoy left the Czar's headquarters in one of the war-balloons, flying a flag of truce, and descended in Hyde Park. He was received by the King in council at Buckingham Palace, and, after a lengthy deliberation, an answer was returned to the effect that on condition the bombardment ceased for the time being, London would be surrendered at noon on the 6th of December if no help had by that time arrived from the other cities of Britain. These terms, after considerable opposition from General le Gallifet and General Cosenz, the Italian commander-in-chief, were adopted and ratified at noon that day, almost at the very moment that Alexis Mazanoff was presenting the reply of the King of England to the President of the Federation in New York.

As the relief expedition had been fully decided upon, whether the British Government recognised the Federation or not, everything was in readiness for an immediate start as soon as the *Ithuriel* brought definite news as to the acceptation or rejection of the President's second offer. For the last seven weeks the ten dockyards of the east coast of America, and Halifax in Nova Scotia, had been thronged with shipping and swarming with workmen and sailors.

All the vessels which had been swept off the Atlantic by the war storm and which were of sufficient size and speed to take part in the expedition, had been collected at these eleven ports. Whole fleets of liners of half a dozen different nationalities which had been laid up since the establishment of the blockade, were now lying alongside the quays taking in vast quantities of wheat and miscellaneous food-stuffs which were being poured into their holds from the glutted markets of America and Canada. Every one of these vessels was fitted up as a troop-ship, and by the time all arrangements were complete more than a thousand vessels, carrying on an average twelve hundred men each, were ready to take the sea.

In addition to these there was a fleet of warships as yet unscathed by shot or shell, consisting of thirty battle-ships, a hundred and ten cruisers, armoured and unarmoured, and the flotilla of dynamite cruisers which had been constructed by the late Government at the expense of the Capitalist Ring. There were no less than two hundred of these strange but terribly destructive craft, the lineal descendants of the *Vesuvius*, which, as the naval reader will remember, was commissioned in 1890.

They were double-hulled vessels built on the whale-back plan, and the compartments between the inner and outer hull could be wholly or partially filled with water. When they were entirely filled the hull sank below the surface, leaving nothing as a mark to an enemy save a platform standing ten feet above the water. This platform, constructed throughout of six-inch nickel-steel, was of oval shape, a hundred feet long and thirty broad in its greatest diameter, and carried the heavily armoured wheel-house and conning-tower, two funnels, six ventilators, and two huge pneumatic guns, each seventy-five feet long, working on pivots nearly amidships.

These weapons with an air-charge of three hundred atmospheres would throw four hundred pounds of dynamite to a distance of three miles with such accuracy that the projectile would invariably fall within a space of twenty feet square. The guns could be discharged once a minute, and could thus hurl 48,000 lbs. of dynamite an hour upon a hostile fleet or fortifications.

Each cruiser also carried two under-water torpedo tubes ahead and two astern. The funnels emitted no smoke, but merely supplied draught to the petroleum furnaces, which burned with practically no waste and developed a head of steam which drove the long submerged hulls through the water at a rate of thirty-two knots, or more than thirty-six miles an hour.*

Such was the enormous naval armament, manned by nearly a hundred thousand men, which hoisted the Federation flag at one o'clock on the afternoon of the 30th of November, when orders were telegraphed north and south from Washington to get ready for sea. Two hours later the vast flotilla of war-ships and transports had cleared American waters, and was converging towards a point indicated by the intersection of the 41st parallel of latitude with the 40th meridian of longitude.

At this ocean rendezvous the divisions of the fleet and its convoys met and shaped their course for the mouth of the English Channel. They proceeded in column of line abreast three deep, headed by the dynamite cruisers, after which came the other war-ships which had formed the American Navy, and after these again came the troop-ships and transports properly protected by cruisers on their flanks and in their rear.

The commander of every war-ship and transport had the most minute instructions as to how he was to act on reaching British waters, and what these were will become apparent in due course. The weather was fairly good for the time of year, and, as there was but little danger of collision on the now deserted waters of the Atlantic, the whole flotilla kept at full speed all the way. As, however, its speed was necessarily limited by that of its slowest steamer until the scene of action was reached, it was after midnight on the 5th of December when its various detachments had reached their appointed stations on the English coast.

At the entrance of the English Channel and St. George's Channel a few scouting cruisers, flying French, Russian, and Italian colours, had been run down and sunk by the dynamite cruisers. Strict orders had been given by Tremayne to destroy everything flying a hostile flag, and not to permit any news to be taken to England of the approach of the flotilla. The Federation was waging a war, not merely of conquest and revenge, but of extermination, and no mercy was to be shown to its enemies, who had shown none in their march of victory from one end of Europe to another.

While the Federation fleet had been crossing the Atlantic other events no less important had been taking place in England and Scotland. The hitherto apparently inert mass of the population had suddenly awakened out of its lethargy. In town and country alike men forsook their daily avocations as if by one consent. As in America, artisans, pitmen, clerks, and tradesmen, were suddenly transformed into soldiers, who drilled, first in squads of ten, and then in hundreds and thousands, and finally in tens of thousands, all uniformed alike in rough grey breeches and tunics, with a knot of red ribbon in the button-hole, and all armed with rifle, bayonet, and revolver, which they seemed to handle with a strange and ominous familiarity.

All the railway traffic over the island was stopped, and the rolling-stock collected at the great stations along the lines to London, and at the same time all the telegraph wires communicating with the south and east were cut. As day after day passed, signs of an intense but strongly suppressed excitement became more and more visible all over the provinces, and especially in the great towns and cities.

In London very much the same thing had happened. Hundreds of thousands of civilians vanished during those seven days of anxious waiting for the hour of deliverance, and in their place sprang up orderly regiments of grey-clad soldiers, who saw the red knot in each other's button-holes, and welcomed each other as comrades unknown before.

To the surprise of the commanders of the regular army, orders had been issued by the King that all possible assistance was to be rendered to these strange legions, which had thus so suddenly sprung into existence; and the result was that when the sun set on the 5th of December, the twenty-first day of the total blockade of London, the beleaguered space contained over two millions of armed men, hungering both for food and vengeance, who, like the five millions of their fellow-countrymen outside London, were waiting for a sign from the sky to fling themselves upon the entrapped and unsuspecting invader.

That night countless eyes were upturned throughout the length and breadth of Britain to the dun pall of wintry cloud that overspread the land. Yet so far, so perfect was the discipline of this gigantic host, not a sign of overt hostile movement had been made, and the commanders of the armies of the League looked forward with exulting confidence to the moment, now only a few hours distant, when the capital of the British Empire, cut off from all help, should be surrendered into their hands in accordance with the terms agreed upon.

When night fell the *Ithuriel* was floating four thousand feet above Aberdeen. Arnold and Natasha, wrapped in warm furs, were standing on deck impatiently watching the sun sinking down over the sea of clouds which lay between them and the earth.

"There it goes at last!" exclaimed Natasha, as the last of the level beams shot across the cloud-sea and the rim of the pale disc sank below the surface of the vapoury ocean. "The time that we have waited and worked for so long has come at last. This is the eve of Armageddon! Who would think it, floating up here above the clouds and beneath those cold, calmly-shining stars! And yet the fate of the whole world is trembling in the balance, and the doings of the next twenty-four hours will settle the destiny of mankind for generations to come. The hour of the Revolution has struck at last—"

"And therefore it is time that the Angel of the Revolution should give the last signal with her own hand!" said Arnold, seized with a sudden fancy. "Come, you shall start the dynamo yourself."

* For description of the *Vesuvius* and her armament, see the Naval Almanac for 1890, under "United States Navy."—AUTHOR.

To be continued.

There is no better paper for holiday reading than "Short Stories." No pains are spared to make its contents bright and exciting.

HOME NOTES.

A Page more particularly for Ladies.

Isobel will be glad to answer, in this page, questions of general interest upon household matters, so far as space permits. Envelopes should be marked Home Notes.

Before Boiling a Ham soak it for twenty-four hours in tepid water, which should be changed once or twice.

To Take Grease out of Leather. Apply the white of an egg to the spot, and dry it in the sun. Repeat the application until the stain is removed.

Bathing the Eyes several times a day in cold water makes them bright, and greatly helps to preserve the sight to extreme old age. When substances get into the eye syringe with lukewarm water till free of them. Please, when you write again, favour me with your correct name and address, so that I can help you more speedily. (*Reply to* Wasp, Starcross.)

An Inexpensive Ragout of Mutton, suitable for those with limited means, is made thus:—Cut two pounds of coarse, lean mutton into small pieces, and fry them in a pan with a little onion chopped small. Pour sufficient water over to cover the meat, adding a few herbs and any scraps of vegetable which you have by you. Stir gently for two hours, then season with pepper and salt, and thicken the gravy nicely with flour. Boil all together for three minutes, stirring well, and serve. A nice vegetable to eat with this dish is split peas or lentils, which should be soaked for twelve hours, boiled till tender, and mashed with a little dripping and seasoning. (*Reply to* Workman).

A Composition for Roofing an Out-house. When your question arrived, I felt very sorry to think I could not help you to complete your little homestead by sending the necessary recipe. Oddly enough, however, the following has just been sent me, with a strong recommendation—namely, that neither the heat nor cold of our climate will affect it. Here it is. Boil tar in the usual iron pot; get charcoal and finely powder it; mix it with the tar by constantly stirring, till the whole is reduced to a state of mortar. Next spread it on to the boarded roof with a trowel, to the thickness of a fifth or sixth of an inch. This will quickly become hard and durable, and exactly resembles the composition with which the Swedish peasants cover their houses. For information as to your poultry keeping, write again, giving your address. (*Reply to* Planter, Suffolk.)

A House on Fire is very terrible, and is in nearly every case very hard to subdue. A fearful fire in the City, which caused great loss of property, has rather haunted me lately. We are not all possessed of warehouses, but most of us have houses, or, at any rate, furniture belonging to us. I wish I could see fire hand-grenades in every household. Few institutions are without them. So it shows they are considered of value, and yet large buildings, such as institutions, etc., are less likely to take fire than many private houses, for the precautions taken against it are so great. These grenades are easily made, and the cost of them is infinitesimal, so I will quote a recipe which I have given before. Fill quart bottles with a saturated solution of common salt, and cork them. When a fire breaks out the bottles should be thrown into the fire with sufficient force to break them. The salt forms a coating on whatever article it touches, and renders it incombustible. Many a small fire has been stopped in this way, which otherwise might have proved dangerous.

Elderberry Wine recipes are in great request just now. Surely people are anxious to take time by the forelock. I suppose, like all other fruits this year, the elderberry is ripening very early. My recipe is a very old-fashioned West Country one, and I hope will suit you. Gather the fruit on a dry day, when it is perfectly ripe. Strip the berries from their stalks and pick quite clean, then pour one gallon of boiling water on to each one and a half gallons of the fruit, which should first be bruised, and let it stand for twenty-four hours, stirring it occasionally. Then draw off the liquor and pass it through a canvas or hair bag. Add three and a half pounds of sugar to each gallon of fruit and boil it for fifteen minutes, carefully skimming it. Draw it off and let it cool. When it is "milk-warm" add the yeast spread on a piece of toasted bread. When the wine is fermenting well add for each nine gallons of wine half an ounce of cloves, three quarters of an ounce of ginger, and the same of allspice, more or less according to taste. Put the bung in lightly until it has done hissing. When the fermentation has ceased, bung the cask up, and after three months bottle off the wine. (*Reply to* Haines, Hurley.)

Chops for an Invalid should always be broiled or cooked in a Dutch oven, and not fried.

Flowerpot Stains may be removed from window sills by rubbing with fine wood ashes and rinsing with clean water.

Rubbing a Bruise with sweet oil and then in spirits of turpentine will usually prevent the unsightly black and blue marks, which not only tell tales, but deform.

Children's Clothing should be as Light as Possible, both in winter and summer, with flannel or wool next to the skin. Either material so worn will ward off dangerous chills and prevent colds.

Destroy Ants thus:— Soak strong tobacco, such as shag, in water until the infusion smells strongly, and sprinkle it well over the haunts of these active pests. They dislike a strong smell of any kind, so I trust will soon take themselves off. (*Reply to* Mary Jane.)

Blackberry Jelly. Put the unstalked fruit in a preserving pan, and place on the fire; stir constantly, and boil for about ten minutes. Strain and press the fruit, and to every pint of juice allow a pound of sugar. Put the juice on to boil; skim well, and when free from scum add the sugar. Stir till the syrup jellies, and pot for use. (*Reply to* Haides Sheridan).

Cement for Repairing Marble Ornaments. Soak two and a half drachms of cut isinglass in four tablespoonfuls of water for twenty-four hours. Reduce it by boiling to half that quantity, and add one ounce of spirits of wine, mixed with half a drachm of powdered gum-ammoniac, till perfectly amalgamated. You will find an answer to your other question respecting tea stains in issue of July 29th. (*Reply to* Old Castle.)

French Polish for Boots and Shoes. Boil the following ingredients in one pint of vinegar and half a pint of water for ten minutes after it comes to the boil: Two ounces of glue, four ounces logwood chips, indigo, pounded very finely, one-eighth of an ounce, isinglass and soft soap the same quantity. Whilst it is still very hot, strain the liquid and place it in bottles for use. To use this polish successfully, the dirt must be washed from the leather, and, when quite dry, the liquid polish should be put on sparingly with a piece of sponge. (*Reply to* R. A. T.)

Bottled Lemonade. I am sorry that I have not had an opportunity of trying this recipe. It was given by a yachting friend, who made a point of always having a large supply on board. Dissolve half a pound of lump sugar in a quart of water, and boil it over a slow fire; add two drachms of acetic acid, four ounces of tartaric acid; when cold, one or two pennyworth of essence of lemon. Place a sixth part of the above into each bottle, fill up with water, and add thirty grains of carbonate of soda. Cork immediately, and after twenty-four hours it will be fit for use. (*Reply to* River Lass, Kew).

Collared Head. Take half a bullock's head and one cowheel, clean both carefully. Lay them in salt and water for an hour, then wash well, take them out, and cut in pieces. Put all into a large pot, and cover with cold water and a little salt. As it boils skim well. The addition of two bay leaves, one or two cloves, a suspicion of mace, and a few peppercorns is an improvement. Let the head, etc., simmer slowly for six hours, and then strain through a sieve. Next day remove all fat from the jelly, return it to the pan, remove the meat from the bones, cut it into dice, and add it to the stock. Season to taste. Let all simmer for twenty minutes, and then pour into wet moulds or basins. Turn out when cold, garnish with parsley, beetroot, etc., and serve.

Mushroom Powder. As you have such a large crop of mushrooms you are very wise, I consider, in wishing to keep them for the winter months. If you reduce them to powder by my recipe, you will find that a teaspoonful gives a fine flavour to any soup, gravy, or sauce. The powder should be added just before serving, and one boil given to it after it is put in. Wash half a peck of large mushrooms while quite fresh, taking care to remove all grit and dirt with a flannel. Scrape out the black part, clean, and do not use any that are worm-eaten: put them in a stewpan over the fire without water, with two large onions, some cloves, a quarter of an ounce of mace, and two teaspoonfuls of white pepper—all in powder. Simmer, and shake till all the liquor be dried, but be careful they don't burn. Place the cooked mushrooms on tins or sieves in a slow oven till they are dry enough to heat to powder, then put the powder in small bottles, cork, and tie closely. Keep in a dry place. (*Reply to* Herts.)

Night Perspirations may be greatly checked by sponging the patient all over with salt and water. (*Reply to* Chagford.)

Prevention of Rust on Iron and Steel. Immerse the articles in a solution of carbonate of soda, or potash, which keeps off rust for a long while, even when exposed to a damp atmosphere.

Hard Water is Preferable to Soft Water for Tea in one respect—that is, because it extracts less tannin from its leaves. Tannin is astringent and very injurious to those suffering from weak digestion and dyspepsia.

Bullock's Heart should be soaked and washed carefully. Stuff it with forcemeat as you would a hare, sew it up, and roast it. Serve with thick gravy and currant-jelly sauce. What remains when cold, should be cut in thin slices and hashed in the gravy and sauce. I am surprised with your family that you have not tried the dish before, for it is excellent and costs so little. (*Reply to* Mother Carey.)

A Beech-Leaf Bed. The leaves of this tree may be used to advantage as a substitute for feathers in a bed. They are light, clean, fragrant, and wholesome. They should be gathered about the fall of the year, and somewhat before they are much frost-bitten. They form the best and easiest mattresses in the world, because, besides their tenderness and loose-lying together, they continue sweet for seven or eight years, long before which time flock or other material becomes musty and hard. Another important point about them is that they harbour no insects.

Ketchup. You do not tell me of what you wish to make your ketchup, so I conclude with mushrooms, which are the most usual ingredients. This recipe I used last year, and the ketchup kept so well that I am using it still. Break up the mushrooms and add a quarter of a pound of salt to every three and a half pounds of mushrooms, let them stand for two days, then drain all the juice that you can procure from them by pressure. Boil the juice slowly for two hours with about two ounces of salt, six cloves, and a quarter of an ounce of peppercorns and root ginger to each quart. Strain it carefully, and when cold, bottle, adding a few drops of brandy to each bottleful. Use new corks, and seal them down carefully. If you should require either elderberry or walnut ketchup, I shall be delighted to send the recipes to you. (*Reply to* Hale, Bearehurst.)

As to Cucumbers. Many people are under the impression that cucumber is very indigestible, and when they eat it they do so under protest, and with apprehensions of possibly dire consequences. How this delusion can have arisen it is difficult to say, unless it be that cucumber is often eaten with salmon and other indigestible table friends. It is not the cucumber, however, but the salmon that sits so heavily upon our stomach's throne. Cucumber, in fact, is very digestible when eaten properly. It cannot, indeed, be otherwise when it is remembered that it consists mainly of water, and that those parts which are not water are almost exclusively cells of a very rapid growth. In eating cucumber it is well to cut it into thin slices, and to masticate them thoroughly. Even the vinegar and the pepper that are so often added to it are of service to the digestion if not taken in excess.

Isobel

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Front page, whole	90	0	0
" half	45	0	0
" quarter	22	10	0
" eighth	11	5	0

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Black Blocks are charged 25 per cent. extra. All advertisements are subject to approval.

All copy must be sent in by Noon on Thursday, August 17, if intended for the Issue on sale August 26 and dated Sept. 2.

Counting Competition and other objectionable advertisements are *not* inserted.

The Proprietors reserve the right to hold over or suspend the insertion of any advertisement without prejudice to the other insertions on order.

1893. JANUARY	FEBRUARY.	MARCH.	APRIL.	MAY.	JUNE.	JULY.	AUGUST.	SEPTEMBER.	OCTOBER.	NOVEMBER.	DECEMBER.
S 1 8 15 22 29	S 5 12 19 26	S 5 12 19 26	S 2 9 16 23 30	S 7 14 21 28	S 4 11 18 25	S 2 9 16 23 30	S 6 13 20 27	S 3 10 17 24	S 1 8 15 22 29	S 5 12 19 26	S 3 10 17 24 31
M 2 9 16 23 30	M 6 13 20 27	M 6 13 20 27	M 3 10 17 24	M 1 8 15 22 29	M 5 12 19 26	M 3 10 17 24 31	M 7 14 21 28	M 4 11 18 25	M 2 9 16 23 30	M 6 13 20 27	M 4 11 18 25
T 3 10 17 24 31	T 7 14 21 28	T 7 14 21 28	T 4 11 18 25	T 2 9 16 23 30	T 6 13 20 27	T 4 11 18 25	T 1 8 15 22 29	T 5 12 19 26	T 3 10 17 24 31	T 7 14 21 28	T 5 12 19 26
W 4 11 18 25	W 1 8 15 22	W 1 8 15 22 29	W 5 12 19 26	W 3 10 17 24 31	W 7 14 21 28	W 5 12 19 26	W 2 9 16 23 30	W 6 13 20 27	W 4 11 18 25	W 1 8 15 22 29	W 6 13 20 27
T 5 12 19 26	T 2 9 16 23	T 2 9 16 23 30	T 6 13 20 27	T 4 11 18 25	T 1 8 15 22 29	T 6 13 20 27	T 3 10 17 24 31	T 7 14 21 28	T 5 12 19 26	T 2 9 16 23 30	T 7 14 21 28
F 6 13 20 27	F 3 10 17 24	F 3 10 17 24 31	F 7 14 21 28	F 5 12 19 26	F 2 9 16 23 30	F 7 14 21 28	F 4 11 18 25	F 1 8 15 22 29	F 6 13 20 27	F 3 10 17 24	F 1 8 15 22 29
S 7 14 21 28	S 4 11 18	S 4 11 18 25	S 1 8 15 22 29	S 6 13 20 27	S 3 10 17 24	S 1 8 15 22 29	S 5 12 19 26	S 2 9 16 23 30	S 7 14 21 28	S 4 11 18 25	S 2 9 16 23 30

Appointed by Special Royal Warrant

Soap Makers to Her Majesty the Queen.

THE WEDDING MORNING.

What happy recollections are recalled to those who have helped a Bride with her Toilet! Friends ask themselves, has the bride a thorough knowledge of all the duties of a household, especially of that ever-recurring worry, Washing Day and Spring Cleaning? Does she know what SUNLIGHT SOAP can do? Does she know that for a few pence, without boiling or bleaching, she can, by using SUNLIGHT SOAP, have all the household linen washed at home and made to look white as snow and fresh as roses?

Happy is the bride who has been instructed in these matters, because it is on such simple household details as these that the future happiness and comfort of herself and husband must depend.

SUNLIGHT SOAP.

BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER PERFECTLY PURE AND FREE FROM ALUM.

ECONOMIC COOKERY. A Useful Pamphlet Sent by Post. Gratis and Post Free from Fredk. King & Co., Ltd., Cannonbury St., London.

SIX CABINET PORTRAITS, 3s. Three for 2s.

Twelve Carte Portraits, 2s. 2d. Six for 1s. 4d. STAMP SIZE, 12 for 1s., 24 for 1s. 6d., 100 for 2s. 3d. FRESH-GLASS ENLARGED PORTRAITS from Life or Photo, 6 inch, 4s., 8 for 2s.; 12 inch, 7s. 6d., other sizes in proportion. Full price lists free. Send Carte or Cabinet and Postal Order, and you will receive highly-finished copies, with original. FRANCIS & CO., 6 Creed Lane, Ludgate Hill, London (from 70 Ludgate Hill). Agents wanted. Estab. 1866.

FITS! A CERTAIN CURE FOR EPILEPSY, HYSTERIA, & OTHER NERVOUS DISEASES. OSCAR FANYAU'S treatise on Epilepsy and all Nervous Diseases will be sent post free on application to OSCAR FANYAU & CO., 26, GREAT RUSSELL STREET, LONDON, W.C.

RUBBER STAMPS. — Your Monogram to mark Linen or Paper. Two Letters, 1s.; three, 1s. 6d.; any name, 1s. 6d.; Box, Pad, and Ink included. Patterns Free. Carriage 2d. extra. Agents Wanted. Satisfaction guaranteed or money returned. F. W. BRETON & CO., 22 Gracechurch Street, London, E.C.

"'SANITAS' now enjoys General Favour." LANCET.

"Sanitas" Disinfectants.

FLUIDS, POWDER, SOAPS, AND APPLIANCES

Illustrated Diary Sent Free.

THE SANITAS Co., Ld., Bethnal Green, London, E.

TOOTH-ACHE CURED INSTANTLY BY **BUNTER'S NERVINE.** Prevents Decay, Saves Extraction. Sleepless Nights Prevented. Neuralgic Headaches and all Nerve Pains removed by BUNTER'S NERVINE. All Chemists, 1s. 1½d.

KEATING'S POWDER. DESTROYS BUGS FLEAS MOTHS BEETLES. Sold in Tins 6d. 1/- & 2/6

INDIGESTION relieved immediately. One box sufficient for a permanent cure. Sent post free for 2s. 6d.—THE UNITED DRUG SUPPLY ASSOCIATION, 116, MOUNT PLEASANT, LIVERPOOL.

WATCH CLUBS.

FOREMEN and others desirous of advancing the interests of their fellow-workmen and themselves should write for Catalogue (1,000 illustrations) and full particulars, which may be had from

H. E. PECK

City of London Watch Club Co.,

New Bridge St., Ludgate Circus, E.C.

A Guide.—Free. This useful book is written by a distinguished London physician for the guidance of those who suffer from Weak Stomach, Flatulency, or any form of Indigestion. It teaches what to eat, what to avoid, and how to regain health and strength. It is full of sound and sensible advice, and will be prized and preserved for years. A copy will be sent gratis and post paid to everyone who will send their name and address to Guy's Tonic Company, 6, Sloane Square, London, S.W. Name *Pearson's Weekly* when writing.

KENTORA HOP BITTERS ALE. KENTORA STOUT. KENTORA ALE & STOUT.

NON-ALCOHOLIC. "Kentora" Hop Bitters (Ale and Stout) is a perfect substitute for intoxicating drinks. "Kentora" is a clear stimulating beverage, with an agreeable hop flavour. Most suitable for the dinner table.

FOR LUNCH, DINNER, SUPPER, OR FOR A REFRESHER.

Insist on having "Kentora." Sold in pints and halves. If any difficulty in obtaining, apply to Kentora Brewery, Nottingham, for name of nearest bottling agent.

NON-ALCOHOLIC.

200th Edition. Post Free Six Stamps.

BLUSHING. ONE MILLION COPIES SOLD! TESTIMONIALS from ALL PARTS of the WORLD! THE MEDICAL FACULTY ASTONISHED!! BLUSHING.—Its Cause, Self-treatment, and a Rapid, Permanent, and Inexpensive Cure. VARNHAGEN'S SYSTEM explained. By a fully qualified specialist. A. E. SMITH, 131, HIGH PARK STREET, LIVERPOOL.

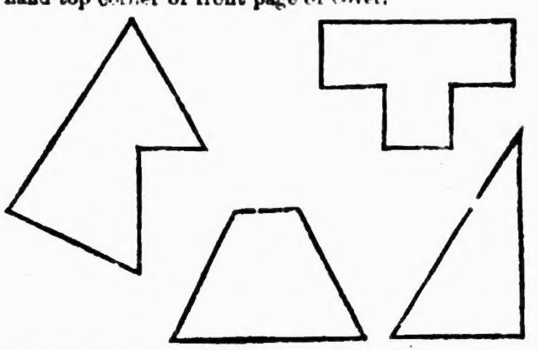
FREEHOLD FARM, HOUSE, STOCK FOR SALE in Manitoba, at the Price of One Year's Rent of an English Farm of Same Acreage.

FARM, 320 acres, Dwelling House, Live and Dead Stock, near good market town, with church, schools, flour mills, &c., on C.P.R., S.W. Branch Line. Good Supply of Water, 3 Wells, 35 acres of Pasture Land, 180 acres of Arable, 80 acres Untilled Prairie Land, well fenced round, oak posts and barbed wire; 2 Stone Stables and Frame Barn on top, Frame House, Stone Cellar, Grain House, Piggery; 4 good Horses, 7 Cows, 28 Pigs, 80 Fowls; Implements, Binder Plough, 2 Stubble Ploughs, 1 Breaking Plough, Driller, Buggy, Waggon, 2 Hay Rakes, Tools, &c. Price all complete, including Freehold, £1,050. Owner, now in England, would be pleased to show photos. Shooting and Fishing. Seven years saved to anyone going out to Manitoba. Also Farm and Homestead, close to above, for £500, but less land under cultivation, and Frame Buildings only.

Address—"RETIRED," *Daily Chronicle* Office, Fleet Street, London.

WHAT CAN WE TELL YOU?

FORM a square with four pieces of paper shaped like each of the following diagrams—sixteen pieces in all. A pencil-case to the first person from whom a correct solution is received, and to every twenty-fifth afterwards, until fifty have been given away. Clocks will be awarded to the 100th, 200th, 300th, 400th, and 500th correct persons. Envelopes to be marked "SQUARE," and to contain the coupon from the right hand top corner of front page of cover.



MANY thanks to the numerous readers of *Short Stories* who have written letters congratulating me upon its improved get-up and contents. I only wish that I were able to reply to each individually. Readers of *P.W.* will no doubt be interested to learn that the circulation of *Short Stories* has doubled itself in the few weeks in which it has been issued from these offices.

F. O. writes to point out the curious fact that Mr. Pope, the new President of the Wesleyan Conference, was born in March on February 2nd, 1836. It is right to add that the March in this case is the name of a village in Cambridgeshire.

M. W. writes:—

On Sunday morning last a party of excursionists left Ramsgate on that well-known sailing yacht the *Moss Rose* for a trip round the North Light Ship of the famous Goodwin Sands. An hour's smart run brought them within hailing distance of the light-ship, when it was perceived that there was some unusual excitement on board, the whole of the crew, numbering six, being on the look-out.

The cause of this was soon made manifest, for as the sailing ship drew closer several bundles of papers and periodicals were deftly thrown on board the light-ship amid cheers from either side. How the poor fellows' faces lighted up can only be appreciated by those who saw them.

Touched evidently by this scene, one of the sailing party jumped up and, with a shout, threw his *Pearson's*; but, alas for his good intentions, it fell short of the mark, and was in danger of being lost altogether.

Now a scene of wild excitement ensued, every man-jack of the light-ship's crew seizing some implement wherewith to catch the floating prize, whose red cover was seen bobbing up and down on the crest of the waves.

Happily they were successful, and the last that was seen of the incident by the visitors was *P. W.* being hauled over the side of the light-ship *in a bucket*, while a shout of victory from the crew proclaimed their success.

D. D.—According to reliable authorities, London was the first European city to be lighted artificially by night. This became the custom in 1416, and yet I find even so late as 1685 a writer proclaimed that, among other things, a law was wanted that the streets of the metropolis should be lighted after dusk, and he goes on to say that this had already been done in Paris during the winter nights. The truth probably is that the attempt was first made in the fifteenth century, and the custom afterwards fell into disuse from neglect.

GARDENER asks "Which is the most productive flower in the British Isles?"——The field poppy. One plant of this species is often responsible for 60,000 seeds in a year. Its most formidable rival is the wild chamomile, which, under favourable circumstances, can manage a family of 45,000.

S. Y. N. wishes to have in *P. W.* a column of photographic notes, but this, I am afraid, cannot be. For the CYCLING NOTES there is a special reason in the fact that the special Cycling Insurance and General Accident Insurance are both of benefit to cyclists, and that hence it may be presumed that a very large proportion of the readers of *P. W.* are cyclists. For photographers we hold out no special inducements, and though no doubt many thousands of photographers read *P. W.* regularly, the same remark applies to stamp-collectors, amateur gardeners, naturalists, and riders of other hobbies.

ONCE more I must implore aspiring authors to cease bombarding these offices with their MSS. We have no use at all for outside contributions. The whole of the matter for the various papers that are published in Henrietta Street is written by the staff or by specially retained contributors. MSS. received are simply looked through to see whether stamped envelopes are sent with them; if this is the case they are at once returned, if not, they are destroyed. Trouble to us and disappointment to hundreds of others will be saved if these facts were remembered.

I AM glad to acknowledge among this week's FRESH AIR FUND subscriptions a remittance for £8 2s., which is sufficient to pay for a complete party of two hundred. The generous donor—who is only known to me by the initials, L. M. A. B.—is at his or her request informed that the children benefited will go down to Suaresbrook on Friday, August 18th.

MESSRS. FULTON AND CO., of 53A, City Road, London, were good enough some little time ago to distribute 50,000 collecting forms for the FRESH AIR FUND, and, as readers are already aware, they have substantially benefited it also in other ways.

I WISH the example of the Rev. W. Dodge, vicar of St. Stephens, Southwark, might be followed by many other clergymen. He has sent a guinea to the FRESH AIR FUND, the result of a special church collection. Surely there can be no worthier object. Now that the holiday season is on *Pearson's Weekly* is gaining some thousands of new readers every week, and I hope that many of them will show their appreciation of the FRESH AIR FUND in a practical fashion. There is no space to recapitulate all that has been said about what the Fund does. It must be sufficient to state that last year 20,600 of the poorest children in the London slums were given a happy day in Epping Forest, and that this year we have already enough money in hand to provide for 28,649 children and their attendants. Ninepence pays for a child, and here is the way in which it is spent:

The sum of 2½d. provides each child with a substantial meat-pie, and 3½d. more pays for a sufficiency of bread, jam, cake, and milk. To go into details, half a pint of milk costs ½d., half a pound of bread the same, jam ½d., and a quarter of a pound of cake 1½d. Each child's railway fare costs 3d.

Subscriptions should be addressed to the editor of *P.W.* at Henrietta Street, London, W.C. Large collecting forms and small cards containing places for sixty penny subscriptions can be obtained, on application, by those who are sufficiently interested in THE FRESH AIR FUND to care to assist it in this way.

Ninepence gives a day's happiness to a child; £8 2s. pays for a complete party of 200. There are no expenses of management; every penny goes to the children in the form of food or fares.

Amount previously acknowledged:—

£1,165 5s. 7¼d.

A. A. Keef, 5s.; Auntie, 1s. 6d.; J. M. B., 2s. 6d.; F. F. King, 4s. 6d.; Louie, 1s.; H. L. B., 5s.; A. G., 5s.; E. Meese, 3s. 6d.; C. Trun, 9d.; E. A. V., Sunday pay, 1s.; M. French, 5s.; A. and F., 1s.; Mrs. A. Roberts, 1s. 6d.; H. D. S., 1s.; Daisy, 2s.; Ethel M., 3s.; Dean Street, Bristol, 2s. 6d.; C. 50, 2s. 6d.; Mr. Eldersham, 5s.; Mrs. Edwards, 1s.; Miss Lancaster, 1s.; A. B., 10s.; A. Fildes, 10s.; T. Clapperton, 10s.; E. Haulow, 5s.; Formosa, 2s.; J. Skipton, 5s. 6d.; One of the old 33rd, 2s. 3d.; J. Bryant and Co., 5s.; S. Wright, 1s.; J. R. Fish, 2s.; D. O. L., 1s.; T. Fernee, 6s. 6d.; Leon, 1s.; P. W., 1s. 6d.; HEARTH AND HOME, £8 2s.; J. Darding, 5s.; Little Midgy, 6d.; A Club Waiter, 3s.; Gravel Grove, 4s.; W. Parker, 4s.; Polly McIsaac, 2s.; Nelus Bly, 2s. 6d.; R. P. A., 1s.; Bell, 1s. 6d.; Sunny Hastings, 5s.; Mrs. Gulliver, 2s. 6d.; H. S., 1s. 6d.; Two who have lived in the East, 3s.; Johnston Brown, 2s.; Three Soldiers, R.A., 2s. 6d.; C. E. Farley, 5s.; W. H., 2s. 9d.; "St. Annie's," Lewes, 6s.; Walter Sangar, 1s.; J. Campbell, 2s.; E. and L. B., 1s. 6d.; Five Little Boys, 5s.; An Old Soldier, 7s. 6d.; Walter Mills, 6s.; M. A. B., 1s.; W. Kettering, 2s. 6d.; P. Bottomley, 1s. 2d.; C. W. S., 1s. 6d.; H. Fiddimont, 5s.; G. A. W., 1s.; R. Whiles, 3s.; J. H. Hillman, 2s.; U. T. G., 2s. 6d.; A Child's Friend, 2s.; T. S., 1s.; A. L. Young, 3s. 8d.; C. Smith, 7s.; M. F. Newman, 5s.; W. Freeman, 2s. 6d.; W. A. Wilson, 5s.; E. D. Jenkinson, 6d.; W. and M. Jenkinson, 1s.; Spider, 2s. 6d.; E. Row, 1s. 6d.; H. A., 1s.; No Name, 1s.; Sympathiser, 4s.; T. F. C., Brighton, 2s. 6d.; W. E. L., 1s. 6d.; J. A. Smith, 8s. 6d.; A Believer in Fresh Air, 2s.; L. M. R., 2s.; per S. S. Cyanus, 5s.; H. J. Young, 7s. 6d.; A. Ranson, 9d.; D. A. Berry, 4s. 6d.; Winnie and G. N. Fitzjohn, 2s. 6d.; Rev. F. C. Stott, 2s. 6d.; "Winner," 2s.; A. B. J., 4s.; Worthing, 2s. 6d.; J. H., 1s. 6d.; J. M., 5s.; Mrs. Harding, 5s.; J. Giles, 5s.; W. H. L., 1s. 8d.; Miss Lewis, for Miss Watson, 1s.; Ethel Winnie, 2s.; Blake and Little Nenna, 1s. 6d.; Elsie and Eba, 4s.; Fuchsia, 7s. 6d.; H. Ashton, 4s.; Hong Kong, 1s.; Maud and Hilda, 5s.; Misses Gassiot, 2s. 5d.; W. Barnett, 10s. 6d.; E. B., 1s.; Aldeburgh, 2s. 6d.; M. Brunton, 2s. 6d.; J. A. W., 2s.; Anon., 1s. 6d.; Abram, 2s. 6d.; C. Beswick, 1s.; Arthur Underwood, 2s. 6d.; J. H. P., 10s.; Rowley and Mary, 3s. 6d.; Gwendoline B. Taylor, 2s.; A. Blackwood, 5s.; Anon., Leeds, 9s. 6d.; Marie, 1s.; Greenhalgh and Co., 2s. 8d.; Florrie Ford, 1s.; M. H., 1s.; Mrs. J. W. Clatebal, 5s.; Telegraphists, 1s. 9d.; Leyton Labourer, 1s.; Anon., 5s.; W. Garretts, 1s.; One who would send more if he could, 2s. 3d.; E. M. Broadgate, 1s.; Enough for Two, 1s. 6d.; C. Collier, 2s. 3d.; T. Lines, 1s. 6d.; J. A., £1; An Old Woman at Battersea, 1s.; Mrs. Hickman, 1s. 6d.; Curlew, 2s. 6d.; Anon., 8s.; Trio, 4s.; W. B., 2s.; E. and A., 1s. 6d.; B. T., Rangoon, £1 10s.; Mrs. Harrison, 2s. 6d.; Mrs. Le Feuvre, 2s. 6d.; Mrs. Richard, 9d.; R. H. Strickland, 1s. 6d.; R. I. R., £1 3s.; One Who Loves Children, 1s. 6d.; Anon., 2s. 6d.; Anon., 10s.; One Who Knows, 5s.; A. F. H., Woking, 5s.; A Young Friend of the Children, 8s. 4d.; A Friend in Need, 10s. 10d.; E. B., 9d.; H. A. D., 8s.; E. Austin and L. Webb, 3s. 6d.; Cephalus Spull, 2s. 6d.; Tom and Mamie, 1s. 6d.; E. H. G., 1s.; G. Brewer, 3s.; D. Clarke, 1s.; K. T. C., 9d.; F. Bluge, 1s. 10d.; Indignant Dublin Reader, 9d.; C. S., 2s.; H. Pettman, 6s.; W. G. Abraham, Son, and Co., 2s. 6d.; W. H. Mercer, 1s.; Ellen Janes, 5s.; Pulham, 1s. 6d.; T. F. P., 2s. 6d.; A. Robinson, 2s.; "Mousey," 4d.; D. A. Berry, 4s. 6d.; L. M. A. B., £8 2s.

The following amounts have been collected:—

M. L. Butt, 5s.; E. Davies, 4s.; E. Brennan, 1s. 9d.; L. Nisbet, 5s.; V. T. Wright, 7s. 8d.; A. L. Carson, 4s. 6d.; Fulham Infirmary, 4s.; W. Reynolds, 2s. 6d.; M. Downs, 5s.; J. M. (A Few Tailors), 2s. 6d.; A. Wilson, 5s.; Gladys, 2s.; J. S. Swan, 8s. 9d.; E. Gough, 2s. 6d.; Clachaig, 4s. 8d.; A. Rose, 10s. 1d.; C. E. Bishop (Employes of Cox and Painter), 12s. 6d.; M. E. Rainey, 4s.; The Misses Payn, 2s. 8d.; J. Venters, 1s.; M. Wand, 2s. 9d.; Mrs. Anne, £1 7s. 2d.; E. J. S., 8s. 8d.; A. D. Hayward, 6s. 6d.; May and Nellie Sander, 6s.; Mrs. W. Bailey, 5s.; Seasider, Blyth, 3s. 7d.; A. G. Sheppard, 6s.; G. Radford and Co., 2s. 6d.; H. W. Benson, 9s.; C. Family, for Four Waifs, 3s.; per T. W. Kilby, 2s.; Mrs. F. Hanshaw, 10s.; Strike Alike, 4s.; Bertie, 2s.; Anon., 1s. 10d.; Pendarren Sympathisers, 11s.; V. Woolf, 2s. 8d.; M. Rees, 11s. 2d.; J. Pickering, 2s. 6d.; Stanley and Gladys, 2s.; T. Ashby Barron, 10s.; Mrs. Woods, 14s. 6d.; Telegraph Clerks, Bradford, 5s. 2d.; Willie and Robin, 5s.; H. H. Hill, 8s. 4d.; Mrs. Shenton, 7s. 8d.; "Four Kids," Southampton, 3s.; R. W. Crawford, 2s. 8d., Miss E. Lucas, 10s.; E. J. Jarrard, 1s.; Commissionaire Bevan, £2 17s. 2d.; E. L. Pearse, 7s. 6d.; G. C. C., 6s. 6d.; W. and R. Nicholls, 4s.; Three Small Children, 2s.; Harold E. Smellie, £1 2s.; J. J. Cavanagh, 18s.; John R. Harrison, 10s.; M. Pearn, 2s. 8d.; G. B., V. B., and H. L. B., 3s. 6d.; Maryport Wheelers' Cycle Club, 7s. 6d.; Royal Oak, North Wales, 3s.; M. A. Wilkinson, 1s.; L. Longhurst, 8s.; Miss Sharman, 6s. 6d.; Susanna, 1s. 6d.; A. L. C., £1 3s.; E. Walden, £1 2s. 4d.; Mr. Clarke, 2s. 6d.; F. Coker, 2s.; A. Herbert, 2s. 6d.; A. E. Trusler, 2s. 6d.; V. Wheatley, 6s.; J. E. Faunch, 4s. 6d.; Anon., 2s.; Anon., 10s. 6d.; F. H. Barnufin, 2s. 7d.; 24, Church Road, 1s.; Members and Servants, St. Aidan's College, Birkenhead, 11s.; E. M. Alpine, 10s. 6d.; W. Edwards, 1s.; E. M. B., 15s.; Barnstaple, 1s.; M. M., 5s.; Mrs. Dyson, 8s. 6d.; W. S. Spall, 1s.; F. W. Booth, £1; Willie Toseley, 4s.; A. W. Pocock, 14s. 6d.; G. W. Bailey, 2s. 9d.; Clissold Park, 2s. 8d.; A. M. Humphries, L. N. W. Railway, 7s. 6d.; A Workman's Wife, 2s. 6d.; A. A., 1s. 6d.; W. Terry, 6s.; Belle Mackinlay, 4s. 2d.; M. Williams, £1 3s. 2d.; Mrs. R. Webster, 5s.; H. Swanwick, 1s. 6d.; A. Barnes, 1s.; J. Montgomery, 10s.; J. C. Haines (Employes of Morgan, Rich, and Co.), 6s. 6d.; Scholars of Woodborough Schools, Wilts, 4s. 1d.; F. C. S. Bolton, 2s.; W. Tonky and Staff, 10s.; A. Worrdle, 5s.; Band of Mercy, Woking, 5s.; H. D. P., Customs, 1s. 5d.; J. Hart's Employes, C. Y., 5s. 6d.; First York and Lancaster Band, £1; E. Suffling, 3s. 6d.; H. T. M. and J. Arnold, 11s. 6d.; J. Johnson, 2s. 6d.; J. Bushby, jun., 2s.; A. Lamb, 11s.; J. G., Rothesay Terrace, 1s. 2d.; G. Shackleton, 5s.; H. J. B., Nottingham, 4s. 6d.; E. Purzon, 5s.; E. Duke, 10s.; H. A. J. Clarke, 6s.; J. Wood, 3s. 8d.; R. J. McMordie, 3s. 9½d.; G. D. Leinster, 1s. 8d.; F. G. Avant, 4s. 2d.; R. E. Livesey, 1s.; Eva May Overton, 8s.; R. Williams, 6s. 3d.; T. W. Atlay (School Children), 7s.; J. Stevenson, 10s.; J. R. H., Bournemouth, 2s. 6d.; Anon., 1s.; H. Harvey, 5s. 2d.; Mrs. Palmer, 6s.; Bulwell Friends, 6s. 3d.; A. G. C., Lyncombe Institute, 8s. 2d.; G. Iggleden, 2s. 8d.; J. Adams, 3s. 6d.; T. J. Patrick, 5s.; Isacher, 2s.; J. Whyte, 7s. 6d.; E. Hines, 1s. 6d.; F. Lewis, £1; W. F. Edwards, 5s.; Employes of G. Ellis, 4s.; Bert Pople, 7s.; O. Walker, 12s.; J. Camburn, 15s.; Maud and Ethel Davis, 5s.; C. Wolsley Haig, 8s.; Anon., 10s.; E. Bally, 4s. 6d.; Mrs. Abbott, 11s. 6d.; A King's Cross School, 7s.; F. W. Smith, £1 8s. 4d.; Frank Manning, £1 8s. 6d.; J. Mitchell, 1s.; Mrs. Cartwright, 18s. 10d.; Mildred Fearn, 2s.; Miss St. Aubyn, 10s.; Ostrich Feather Department, 9s. 7d.; George Boddy, 5s. 4d.; Mr. Addison Greene, 15s. 9d.; Anon., 2s. 6d.; Daisy and Elsie, 8s. 6d.; Grace Ada Moger, 3s. 6d.; G. H. M., 4s. 6d.; A. Hosking, 9d.; Servants, Jun. United Service Club, 16s. 6d.; Dorothy Phillips, 6s. 8d.; Our Muriel, 2s. 3d.; Monty and Friends, 4s. 2d.; F. W. Wyatt, 7s.; Alice Watson, 2s. 6d.; Margery Reed, 9s. 4d.; S. Bramall, 2s. 6d.; A Few Friends, per W. H. Kirk, 6s. 4d.; R. Holmes, 2s. 7d.; A Few Friends at Tydell Street, Boston, 6s.; Superintendent, 10s.; A. W. E., 5s.; T. Faulkener, L. N. W. Railway, Dudley Station, 16s. 9d.; C. Dyon, 1s. 6d.; Chattey Campbell, 2s. 6d.; J. Hope, 6s. 2d.; Mrs. Allen, 5s.; Anon., 2s. 6d.; E. Work, 10s.; F. S. Tayler, 7s. 6d.; M. Alexander, 1s. 7d.; Miss Amsder, 3s.; M. Richer, 2s. 6d.; J. Ibberson, 1s. 6d.; Bertha Maddock, 4s. 8d.; A. McL., 2s.; Employes of the Cotton Powder Co., per E. Martin, 11s. 8d.; E. Tritschler and Nellie Mitchie, 18s.; Horwood, Kennington, 10s. 6d.; R. Martin, 11s.; C. A. McRae, 11s. 8d.; H. Buehr, 8s. 6d.; A Few Young Friends, 4s.; Mrs. H. Berry, 3s. 6d.; F. Newman, 5s.; W. G. Harris, £1 15s. 10d.; J. L. Hobday, 18s.; E. L. L., 2s.; G. Broadbent, 9s.; A. Spencer, 3s.; E. Baldwin, 4s. 7d.; Anon., 1s.; Ronald and Baby Morrison, 6s.; Agnes K., 5s.; Anon., 5s. 6d.; P. Williams, 1s. 10d.; J. T. Rundle, £1 1s. 11d.; W. Smith, 10s. 1d.; P. J. King, 10s. 6d.; E. Hill, £1 1s.; A. Lawrenston, 10s. 7d.; W. Leslie, 8s. 6d.; S. A. Trew, 13s.; E. Batiste, 3s. 3d.; Anon., 5s.

Total Acknowledged, £1,303 18s. 1¾d.

WHY ever is it that people will not read the conditions of our Insurance Coupons, and thus save themselves the trouble of writing long letters requiring elucidation on points that are explained every week in the paper, and us the trouble of reading the epistles in question? I have before me thirty-three letters all most anxiously asking for information that is given in one or other of the standing notices regarding the various Insurance Systems. If the thirty-three readers who are looking for an answer to them on this page will be good enough to turn the notices up, they will get all the information they desire.

B. T.—According to the most accurate estimate possible about 7,000,000 people travel on the different railways of the world every day. This is not including season ticket-holders and those who don't take any tickets at all.

O. T. C. writes:

On reading your article on ANIMALS AND MUSIC I was reminded of a goose which belonged to a farmer in Wiltshire, and showed the keenest appreciation for music. It may interest your readers to hear about it.

This bird was a sort of family pet. It was often allowed to come into the kitchen and hunt about for scraps. One day whilst the bird was chivying a bit of potato peel round the floor the farmer's daughter happened to sit down and play a scrap of dance music on the piano.

Immediately the bird gave up the chase and stood with its head on one side listening. Then it came near the instrument rather cautiously, stopped, flapped its wings, and finally laid its head on the performer's knee, watching her fingers move with the closest attention. From that time, whenever the piano was opened the goose would give a cackle at the door and walk in, and there would stop until the music ceased.

And the funny part of the whole thing was that it used to take absolutely no notice of the village band when it came round. The members looked upon this as a personal insult, for the fame of the musical bird had spread through the whole parish.

F. G. H., who writes an interesting letter from Kazan, Russia, says in the course of it:

I think that it is not generally known that Mohammedans fast even more rigidly than some of their Christian brothers. The Mohammedans of Russia, at their penitential seasons, fast from sunrise to sunset. I have observed this long fasting most religiously kept by labourers in the heat of summer. How the poor fellows manage to get through their day's work under such conditions is simply wonderful.

KIPPER.—There is not the least cause for alarm if an earwig should by chance happen to get into your ear. The insect seldom gains access to the auditory canal, and even in the event of it doing so there is no danger. The idea that the intruder propagates its species during its temporary imprisonment, and that henceforth colonies of little earwigs are doomed to dwell in the affected organ, and from it make excursions to the brain, is quite a mistaken one. However, a foreign body in the ear is by no means comfortable, and may, in fact, prove dangerous if clumsy methods are resorted to for its extraction, or if it is neglected altogether, as in the case of the boy who had forced a bean into his ear, which, on his death, was found to have sprouted. Of course, it is not at all remarkable that the bean should have germinated in such a warm and moist cavity, and I have even heard of a grain of wheat, long retained under the upper eyelid, obeying the ordinary laws of Nature and germinating.

The limited space in this page permits of only a very small fraction of the letters addressed to this office every week being answered in print, but any reader who encloses a stamped addressed envelope with his enquiry, will receive a reply through the post.

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WHEN BUYING CROCKERY

Remember that you have a chance of saving a lot of money by dealing with the maker. THE PEARSON POTTERY COMPANY, of Hanley, Staffordshire, have astonished the whole world by their marvellous package of China and Earthenware, containing 100 pieces for One Guinea, and by writing a post-card every householder may become possessed of proof that this package contains a Dinner Service (worth the money alone), a beautiful China Tea Service, and a collection of very superior and useful household crockery, comprising cups and saucers, jugs, pudding and kitchen basins, baking dishes, &c., &c. Write for list. Never mind the trouble. The Pearson Pottery Company will very gladly answer any questions. Full advertisements have so frequently been inserted in PEARSON'S WEEKLY that an immense number of the readers of this valuable journal are well informed as to the constitution of this wonderful package. If the contents are not suitable it will still pay you to inquire with a view to future requirements. Dinner Services, from 12s. 6d., of 50 pieces (beautiful patterns); Tea Services, from 5s., of 40 pieces in Earthenware, and 7s. 6d. for 40 pieces, in china with gold; Toilet Services, of 5 pieces, large sizes, from 4s. 6d., newly modelled fancy goods, at hitherto unknown prices. Deal with the manufacturer when you can. You save the intermediate profits made by agents, shopkeepers, and salesmen; the high charges caused by city and town rents and taxes, and many other incidental expenses that run up to nearly double the original price. Is fifty per cent. worth saving? If so, correspond with the Pearson Pottery Company, Hanley, who will guarantee this saving. A post-card with your address will bring an immediate reply. Copies of thousands of testimonials can be shown that have been received from delighted recipients of the famous Guinea Package of Crockery containing 100 pieces, who say "Nothing was broken." "Really marvellous value," "I could not have believed it," "Shall recommend you to all I know," and so on. The Dinner Service is of the pattern shown here, though a printed advertisement cannot do full justice to well-printed earthenware. Matchings can always be had at any moment at very low prices, so that the services can always remain intact. This is a valuable promise to householders who find it impossible to replace broken pieces except at a very high price. Freedom from breakage guaranteed. THE PEARSON POTTERY COMPANY BAZAAR Parcel will cost 30s., and always brings more than double its money. Ladies very often find this gift to a Bazaar the best method of solving the vexed questions "What shall I give?" and "What must I do?"

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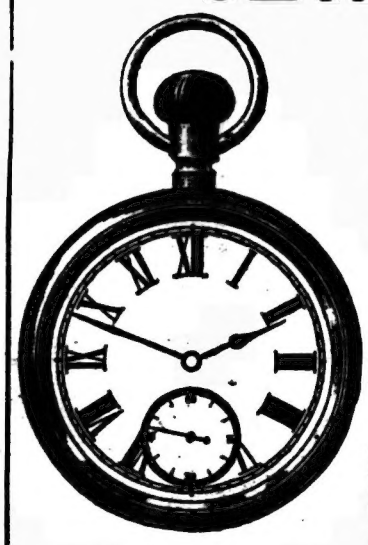

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TOTAL	12s. 6d.	

IN ADDITION TO ABOVE EVERY PURCHASER WILL BE PRESENTED

FREE OF CHARGE

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KEYLESS WATCHES. Usually sold by us at Half-a-Guinea.

Every Watch is Carefully Examined, Timed, and Guaranteed a Correct Timekeeper. Call and See Them.

We do this to save the enormous cost of advertising, preferring to give our customers the benefit. As we lose money on each parcel, we cannot supply more than two parcels to one person, nor can we undertake to present these gifts after one month from this date. If you cannot call, get a P.O. at once, and send for this wonderful parcel. Orders will be executed in rotation. *Money returned if not as represented.*

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6s. 6d. MONSTER PRESENTATION PARCEL Including the **HANDSOME KEYLESS WATCH.**

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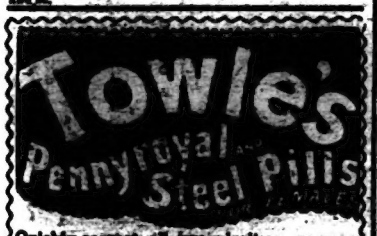
MOUSTACHIOS IN A MONTH on the smoothest face, are produced by using HIRSUTINE, the French Specialité for forcing hair—luxuriant growth—infallibly unfailing. The only known remedy for baldness. Send 7stamps (one penny) on receipt of 1s. to Messrs. A. DUBAL, of the Lebonsport, 317, Grahan Road, London, N.E. Large bottles, 1s. 6d. and 2s.



Quickly correct all irregularities, remove all obstructions, and relieve the distressing symptoms so prevalent with the sex. Boxes, 1/11 & 2/9, (containing three times the quantity) of all Chemists, or will be sent anywhere on receipt of 15 or 34 stamps by the maker,

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Beware of Imitations, Injurious and Worthless.

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Should waste no time by taking such
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the Microbes, which are now regarded by scie[illegible] of discolorations and bl[illegible] of the skin can ea[illegible]

This treatment not only removes [illegible] COLORATIONS, BLEMISHES, PIMPLES, WRINKLES, by stimulating to natural activit[illegible] tissues, and renders the skin as soft and clear as t[illegible] the rose tint and beauty of youth and health.

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IN THE WATCH.
MILLIONS OF WATCHES SOLD THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.
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The manufacture of the Watch Cases in which the Corn Rings are contained is in itself a great enterprise, and gives employment to a vast number of hands.

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